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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There was no pretended love of liberty, not even the pretence of vengeance, to soften the brutality of the murder perpetrated in Belgrade on Wednesday night. The conspirator "hath with the king's blood, dyed the king's own land", for the sake of little more than a "usurped kingdom". We read everywhere that the feelings of the civilised world are "shocked" and "oppressed with a profound emotion" at the news; and one hopes it is so. The feeling of horror is the measure of the impossibility of such crimes being committed in countries further removed from primitive barbarity than some of the Balkan States. We hope it is so; but this morning the "Times", to which we still look as in some sort representative of our national instincts, has used the murder to puff one of its commercial wares. "The Servian Coup d'État" such, in the biggest type, is the heading of its full-page advertisement this morning. We can think of no more callous outrage to the sense of reverence which the calamity of violent death should inspire in us. In Belgrade itself, if the news is authentic, the crime is welcomed; but the new Government, in its proclamation at "this grave and fateful moment", makes no attempt to justify the crime, except so far as the announcement of the restoration of the Constitution of 6 April, 1901, is an appeal against the most autocratic acts of King Alexander.

The latest details from Belgrade show that the deeds were done with a relentless thoroughness for which we have no parallel in a century of European history. The palace was surrounded on Wednesday night and a body of troops led by Colonel Naumovitch broke in. It is said that they at once rushed to the bedroom of the King who was told that he must sign his abdication. In answer he shot the colonel dead. Then followed in the words of the subsequent proclamation a "conflict in which King Alexander and Queen Draga lost their lives". Two brothers of the Queen, a general, one of the aides-de-camp and some twenty men are thought to have perished with them. There can be small doubt that the Servian Army was

responsible for the conspiracy and, if Prince Karagevitch has been proclaimed Alexander's successor, his complicity is probable. His family have intrigued against the Obranovitch dynasty for nearly a hundred years and he is descended from the man who first freed Servia from the Turk. The murdered King, whose ludicrous coup d'état the world was laughing at a few weeks ago, has shown in "the little scene" in which he was allowed "to monarchise" a great power of will. He was only twenty-six at his death. His marriage with Queen Draga was a cause of unpopularity; but the personal ambition of his enemies, not a popular outcry, was probably the cause of the tragedy.

Whatever the cause of the crime—the unpopularity of Queen Draga, the fear of her brother's ambition, the recent suppression of the Constitution or the knowledge that the elections just concluded gave support to the King's party—the Powers can scarcely regard any one of them as sufficient to warrant them in giving countenance to any successor who may himself be guilty or may be the creature of the conspirators. Whatever the risk of intervention, the mutual jealousies of Russia, Austria and Turkey are not a sufficient excuse for the condonation of so brutal a crime. The Obranovitch dynasty is blotted out. Whether it is true or not that the army has proclaimed Prince Peter Karagevitch king, no successor can come to the throne unless he has the support of the army; and the recognition by the Powers of any candidate whom the army supports is in some sense an acceptance of the crime. At the same time any line of definite action is beset with difficulty. No successor, except the guilty, is marked out, since no Obrenovitch is left, and in order to prevent any aggressive intervention on the part of Austria or Russia a strong king appointed with the backing of the Powers is essential.

The punishment by the French of the people whom we are asked to call Figuigians has been exemplary and, unlike most military expeditions, attended with no risk. Zenaga was bombarded by the French guns after the most scientific principles. Its defences were peeled off, it seems, as an onion is treated until nothing was left but the centre piece which was finally cut in two by a neatly placed shell. Shells were afterwards dropped into surrounding oases, just to prove the precision of the 75-millimetre guns to people who, in spite of a growing affection for the Martini-Henry, still use single-barreled flintlocks. The French troops have

been very properly complimented "for the conduct they showed during the day". The tribes have since tendered their submission, agreed to a surrender of arms, of hostages and the payment of a war contribution; and "the incident is closed". Nevertheless the next step does not seem obvious. The solution most popular in France would be the continued occupation of Figuig on behalf of the Sultan and until—if such time ever come—he wishes and is able to look to the proper policing of the frontier himself.

Mr. Balfour may always be trusted to rise to a dialectical emergency. Seldom has a Leader of the House had to face a more harassing or more unpleasant situation than had Mr. Balfour on Wednesday. One of his most prominent colleagues had just declared his uncompromising hostility to the new policy, and the darling ambition, of his most prominent colleague. The Opposition were insultingly jubilant, in the correct sense, at the broken array of their opponents, Ministerialists were in terror and amazement as to what was going to happen; there seemed to be no Government at all. To add to the confusion the Speaker let the House get quite out of hand; nobody knew quite what he might speak about, none caring a straw for the question to which by the rules he ought to speak, while everyone was striving to give his views on something the Speaker said he ought to avoid. Party lines disappeared in the tumult; all the Opposition leaders who had attacked the Government voting for it, while every man who voted against the Government supported Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain in the very thing which the Opposition and the Chancellors of the Exchequer, past and present, assailed them for.

Mr. Balfour rose to perform a double task, to enable his own people to know where they were and to prevent such a split in his party as would cause immediate resignations and a dissolution with the consequent loss of the Irish Land Bill and the London Education Bill. After the pronouncement of Mr. Ritchie—Mr. Elliot alone would not have mattered—it was impossible to keep the party together, if the new tariff proposal was declared to be the Government policy. So Mr. Balfour explained that the matter had not reached the stage of policy; it was merely investigation and the expression of individual opinion. It was one of those matters on which everyone in the party, even members of the Cabinet, was free to have and to express his own opinion. No one was committed to anything. For himself he was convinced that some change would have to come in fiscal policy, but he had not come to a conclusion what the change would be. His defence of the constitutional position was that Cabinet responsibility involves nothing but unanimity of action. So long as they have a common policy, that is so long as they agree as to their acts of administration and legislative measures, Ministers might think what they liked and say what they liked. Therefore as they were not introducing a measure for preferential tariffs, it did not affect Cabinet responsibility what any of its members said for or against such a policy.

This strikes us as ingenious, and it served its immediate purpose. At any rate Mr. Balfour's speech produced a marked effect on the House. Whether as a constitutional doctrine his theory will hold water is a different thing. Should a prime minister's colleagues adopt this position and generally act on it, we fancy the Cabinet system would soon give way to something more like a dictatorship. And we must agree with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that Mr. Balfour's academic championship of Bimetallism and an Irish Roman Catholic university is not on the same plane with Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposition, or with Mr. Balfour's reception of it in the House, though it is true he did not actually accept it as a practical policy. And the effect will be very different. Formally every Unionist is free to think what he likes. In effect the great majority, whose politics always in every party consist in following their leaders, noting that Mr. Chamberlain is determined to bring preferential tariffs to the front, and that Mr. Balfour is inclined to go with him, will put two and two together and take care to come down on that side of the hedge.

As for Mr. Chaplin's motion, no one had time to consider it. It suffered from merger in a greater thing. Mr. Chaplin himself supported his motion with a very good speech, a speech which neither Mr. Ritchie nor Mr. Balfour effectually answered. The present and previous Chancellors destroyed each other's arguments but agreed in their conclusion. We hold as strongly as ever that the corn-tax ought not to have been remitted, and if it was a case of the repeal of the tax or the loss of Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Ritchie might have been spared; which is not to say he would never have been missed. He has done useful work, especially in labour and social legislation. We do not, however, forget his weakness in allowing conventual laundries to escape inspection under the Factories Consolidation Act he carried the year before last.

A younger and cynical generation will not take Mr. Chaplin as statesman seriously: they think that the only speech he ought ever to make is one in favour of the House rising for Derby Day. It is not at all surprising that Mr. Chaplin should fail to perceive this, for has he not again and again been conscious of Mr. Gladstone listening to his speeches with riveted attention, in later years hand to ear, in the House of Commons? And if for many years you have been taken in deadly earnest, and even thundered at by Mr. Gladstone, can you be expected to understand that, compared to Mr. Gladstone, the whipper-snappers of politics see you in another light? But intellect apart, Mr. Chaplin's success in the debate—though not in the division—was bound to be popular. All who have met him in politics and private life know him as an English gentleman. In these times Mr. Chaplin and Sir Henry Fowler stand for all that is rotund and ornate in speech. But it was scarcely so always with the former. When Mr. Smyth M.P., the fiery Westmeath orator, concluded his famous Eastern Question speech with a most purple peroration which included references to the Danube pouring "his impetuous flood through the 'iron gates' to where the Attic wave beams with its countless smiles", and the House was yet spellbound by the oratory, Mr. Chaplin rose with his "Sir, the position assigned to Turkey by the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Gladstone) with regard to the Treaties is a remarkable illustration of the old saying 'Heads I win, tails you lose'".

We find ourselves wondering rather whether Mr. Elliot—whom Mr. Lloyd George in his undoubtedly witty speech referred to with very doubtful taste as the Ministerial "office boy"—may not have been chosen as Secretary to the Treasury on the strength of the fact that he is a "convinced free-trader"; it is natural enough if you have a "convinced free-trader" as Chancellor of the Exchequer to have another as Secretary to the Treasury. Or, perhaps as things are turning out now, it would be the thing to have a strong protectionist in that office, who would rise directly the Chancellor sat down and make light of all his arguments in favour of free trade. As it was Mr. Elliot threw over the Prime Minister and Colonial Secretary and backed up by his arguments the Chancellor of the Exchequer. There have been Prime Ministers who would have taken umbrage at this. To guard against inconvenient intellectual independence of this kind Prime Ministers indeed have sometimes chosen as their "lesser pillars" those whom Disraeli described as "by nature incompetent and by instruction silent". They have even paid people a thousand a year to keep their mouth shut in the House and open, when required, in the country. And there are times when we cannot blame them for such device.

Lord Rosebery not a little resembles Mr. Balfour in refusing to fetter his impartiality by confessing to a conviction. His speech on Tuesday gave a good example of his attitude of philosophic doubt. One has seen him before in the pose of the poor landlord whose property has been damaged by free trade; and he finds it difficult to avoid the pose even when it unhappily affects his main thesis. However the affectation of his pose was of less importance than the faults in his logic. If there is a rise in the price of food, also of wages, so he argued, there must also be a rise in rent,

which has suffered most under free trade. But where does Lord Rosebery find the necessity in his conclusions? In crowded towns rack-renters get out of people practically what the people can pay. In the country on the other hand, indeed in every place where the ordinary economic laws are not upset by unnatural conditions of crowding, rent depends solely on demand; and while labour in the country is scarce rents will be low. The only thing that would raise rents would be such agricultural prosperity as would make competition for the farms keen. Does Lord Rosebery fear that?

In another speech, a gay little effort at the City Liberal Club on Thursday, Lord Rosebery referred to invitations made to him "in terms of almost tender eloquence", that he should become leader of the Liberal Party, and hinted not obscurely that he had been leader once and had "a very vivid recollection" of that uncomfortable time. He likened himself to a cunning trout in May-fly season over whom the anglers are casting many complimentary flies. Well, it is always good to feel that you are a fish worth angling for. It is a constant source of irritation and a surprise to many men that people won't cast complimentary flies over them, though they are ever at the surface cruising about, open-mouthed. Happy the man to whom many flies are offered, and who can afford to despise them! But we suppose Lord Rosebery bears in mind that after a time the great trouts go out of condition; lose their beauty of form and attractiveness for the angler; retire into dark back-waters. And then the anglers feel disgust at them, and cast all their flies over the younger and brighter fish.

Mr. Seddon has thrown himself with characteristic energy into the support of Mr. Chamberlain, and in his usual vigorous way has expressed his astonishment that politicians in England are prepared to reject without inquiry any proposal for preferential tariffs within the Empire. He adopts what we believe to be a perfectly sound standpoint that if there is to be free trade indefinitely there can be no Empire. The Colonies have made overtures to the mother country whose commercial and industrial position Mr. Seddon regards as far from satisfactory, and if these overtures are rejected, Colonial Governments will have to reconsider their position. Foreign tariffs hit the growing export trade of the Colonies only less than that of Britain, and if the Empire refuses to adopt a fiscal system that is mutually protective then, he says, the Colonies may have to look elsewhere for reciprocity. Mr. Seddon may not have intended to hold this contingency forth as a threat, but it is one which cannot be ignored. None the less it is a pity Mr. Seddon has not learnt to express himself with more urbanity. He would be a more effective man, were he a more attractive.

At the Colonial Institute on Thursday Mr. Haldane discussed an old point in the Government of Empire; the phrase Imperial Federation he wisely discarded. A number of thinking men have long hoped for some extension of the constitution which would ensure greater continuity in imperial policy. We have given before Lord Milner's written conviction that an Imperial Council was becoming an urgent practical necessity. On the same lines Mr. Haldane would have a sort of double cabinet, one for imperial, the other for parochial affairs. It is a pretty debating point, but there is no niche in the British constitution for such an additional authority and nothing is more fatal than hanging appendages on a constitution. Englishmen have been credited by otherwise reasonable persons with great political instinct, and no doubt it is the one advantage of our constitution that it has grown, it has not been manufactured: we have had no constitution mongers of the Sieyès type. Unhappily this political instinct has not helped the constitution in the last four hundred years to develop along with the growth of the colonies; and though this is much to be regretted, any cut and dried proposal to make up for past deficiencies is out of the question. At present nothing more revolutionary than an advisory board, which might possibly be developed from the Privy Council, is worth serious discussion.

Mr. R. W. E. Middleton has resigned his position as principal agent to the Conservative party. He was a

discovery of Mr. Akers Douglas, who imported him from an obscure position in Kent straight to Westminster. During his agency the party has had electioneering successes such as never fell to its lot before; so it is fair to assume that Mr. Middleton had something to do with this prosperity. His services have certainly not gone unrewarded, and he leaves the party at a time not inopportune for himself. Undoubtedly Mr. Middleton had the confidence of ministers to a remarkable extent; and the more remarkable that many did not put the same confidence in him. This, of course, may be due merely to the disingenuousness necessarily incidental to political agency. Certainly Mr. Middleton had a good diplomatic manner, and he was a man of the world.

Mr. Schnadhorst, it has often been said, had genius, creative power, in his business, where Mr. Middleton has never shown anything but talent. Undoubtedly Mr. Schnadhorst was the originator of scientific wire-pulling in this country, but we doubt whether Mr. Middleton has not improved on the old style of caucus. His knowledge of men and of the world was—we hope our mode of writing will not seem too obituary—wider than Mr. Schnadhorst's. He did not dabble too much in policies. Many promoters of newspapers have visited Mr. Middleton, intimating that they intended to support the policy of the Unionist Party. Get your circulation, and then think about your policy was Mr. Middleton's idea of how a newspaper should be run best; which reminds us a little of Lord Salisbury's helpful advice to the aspiring young Editor M.P. not to trouble about policy at all in his newspaper. Lord Salisbury by the way used to be very shy, as he put it himself on one occasion, of "that which is called a wire-puller", his attitude of mistrust changed however, quite naturally, when he came to recognise how useful "a wire-puller" would be to his own party. How useful Captain Wells may prove one does not know. His appointment seems an odd one. We hope that he is at least free from directorates, or that if he holds any, they will leave him some time for his work.

Some weeks ago we called attention to the report of a Syndicate appointed by the University of Cambridge, recommending the creation of an Honours School in Economics and associated branches of Political Science. The recommendation was formally adopted by the Senate last Saturday, and candidates for the new Tripos may start work in the next October term. We congratulate the University on this departure, which should prove to be one of great interest and importance, especially to the business section of the community. The new School is not indeed intended to be, nor is it desirable that it should be, a School of Commerce in the narrower sense of giving a quasi-technical instruction in the routine of business. On the contrary, it is contended by those who have been mainly concerned in devising the curriculum that it will provide an education as broad and as liberal as any of the existing Triposes, but will provide it in a subject-matter of immediate and living interest to students who are destined for the higher positions in business and public life.

In establishing such a course the University has endeavoured fairly to meet a public need. It has done its part. But the success of the School must depend largely on the support it receives from the public. It is notorious that the University is straitened for means to meet its constantly growing responsibilities; and no funds are at present forthcoming to support this new undertaking, which will have to be carried on in the first instance by the efforts of the existing staff. But such arrangements can only be temporary. To ensure to the scheme the success which it deserves a special endowment is required. Is it too much to hope that wealthy men who are interested at once in business and in education will turn their attention to a new and promising venture not the less interesting and important that it is inaugurated by one of the ancient universities, and has, as its sponsor, the most distinguished of living English economists?

The question of University finances is acute also at Oxford. The Master of University's suggested decree that the fee for matriculation should be immediately

raised from £2 10s. to £3 10s. was rejected last week in Convocation but the principle was accepted. His idea for getting rid of what Mr. George called the present "discreditable deficit" is that the ordinary fees for entrance to examinations, covering the whole period of a man's time, should be increased to £8. By this means £5,000 to £6,000 a year would be added to the University chest and considering how very small a proportion of most men's total expenditure is the sum paid to the University it is difficult to appreciate the strong views expressed against the proposal. Dr. Pope, on behalf of non-collegiate students, described the decree as "Jedburgh justice", a ludicrous hyperbole. Though the decree was rejected the principle of the statute, which cannot be passed till next term, was accepted. The matriculation fee—which at Cambridge is £5—will be increased by a sovereign, and the rest of the money will be raised by an addition of 10s. a year in dues and an increase in other examination fees.

There could be no greater condemnation of the system on which the finances of the hospitals are managed than that a man of Mr. Sydney Holland's moral and intellectual calibre should be forced into such catch-penny tricks for collecting money as were involved in the giant ball at the Albert Hall. It is a miserable thing that our charitable instincts only work when stimulated by the glamour of a social function, on which it is known by advertisement that large sums, which might have gone straight to the hospitals, have been previously wasted. One of the advertised preliminaries of last week's ball was the expenditure of £600 on paper roses for decorating the dome; and one can only conclude that, as the one pound tickets went to a premium of £10 after this and similar details were known, it directly titillated the sense of generosity in the London public. One must hope that better instincts prompted those who contributed the £4,000 collected in S. Paul's on Sunday; but further to increase this sum the Lord Mayor has issued an urgent letter begging for contributions, not on account of the poor of East London, but "to celebrate the visit of the King to the hospital".

The motive suggests an indifferent interpretation of charity but perhaps it is better to give for any reason than for none, even if the medium of the contribution is a ticket for the presentation of a play by the Poet Laureate. On Hospital Sunday we hope that everyone will do his duty to perhaps the most essential of all charities. A man would be justified nevertheless in withholding all support, if he thought that his abstention would bring home the duty of making the maintenance of the hospitals a national privilege and responsibility. The duty of providing hospital for the poor lies on the nation, however great the generosity of individuals; and this week's appeals to the secondary, one may say snobbish instincts, is a clinching argument of the harm that a nation suffers from putting off national responsibilities on private shoulders.

Stock markets presented a most dismal appearance during the greater part of the week, but on the conclusion of the settlement with but one small failure, and under the lead of Americans, a much more cheerful tone prevailed, and it would appear that, for the present at all events, the liquidation which has been in evidence for a considerable time is at an end. Beyond slightly depressing the Turkish group the assassination of the King and Queen of Serbia passed unnoticed. The return of the Bank of England made a very good showing; no change took place in the rate of discount, but it can scarcely be doubted that a reduction would have been made were it not for the fact that the Berlin bank rate was raised this week. Home Rails have rallied though there was not much increase in the volume of business in this department. Americans, after their severe "shake out", show general substantial improvements. Kaffirs met with some good support and shared in the general recovery. A feature of this section was the strength of East Rand Mining on the news that the main reef has been struck at a depth of 1,800 feet on one of the Company's farms. Consols 91½. Bank rate 3½ per cent. (21 May).

THE OPEN MIND.

DISRAELI, when leader of the Opposition, once described the Treasury bench as "a dissolving view of anarchy". Something very like that was the picture presented by the Cabinet during the debate on the corn duty, though the anarchy was by no means confined to the front bench of the Unionist party. Mr. Chaplin is in favour of the corn duty and the preferential tariff, because both, from his point of view, are protective: he therefore voted against the Government, of which Mr. Chamberlain is the most powerful member. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, is in favour of the corn duty as a tax for revenue not protection, and is opposed to the preferential tariff: he therefore voted for dropping the corn duty because it might form part of a preferential tariff, but in so doing he supported the Cabinet of which Mr. Chamberlain is the dominant factor. Mr. Ritchie, present Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposes to drop the corn duty, because it is a tax on the food of the poor, and is opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's preferential tariff, because he is "a convinced free trader". Did any one ever know of such a muddle? No wonder Mr. Vicary Gibbs bleated sarcastically for light and leading. The statesman who comes worst out of this part of the controversy is undoubtedly Mr. Ritchie, for within a year he has taken up three different attitudes towards the corn duty. When Sir Michael Hicks Beach proposed the tax as a permanent addition to our revenue Mr. Ritchie was a member of the Cabinet, occupying the important post of Home Secretary. When Mr. Ritchie proposed some weeks ago to drop the tax, he did so on the ground that it was "open to misrepresentation": while on Tuesday he denounced it unsparingly as a tax on the food of the poor. This glimpse into the mind of a Cabinet Minister of the first rank is not edifying: but it was not half so unedifying as Mr. Ritchie's tactless, and (we imagine) disloyal repudiation of Mr. Chamberlain's preferential tariff. It was quite obvious from the course of events and of the debate that the Cabinet had agreed to drop the corn duty upon the understanding that the preferential tariff was to be left alone for the present, as an open question on which Ministers would not be expected to commit themselves for or against. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, chose to blurt out that he did not believe in a preferential tariff, and that he would not be associated with it. After this avowal, whether made deliberately or on the spur of the moment, it looked as if either Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Ritchie must resign, and the rumour was current in the lobbies that the Colonial Secretary had tendered his resignation. The intervention of the Prime Minister in Wednesday's debate dissipated the fear of a ministerial crisis. Mr. Balfour has never displayed his genius for debate more strikingly than on this occasion. With that charming candour, which goes so far to disarm criticism, the Prime Minister declared that nobody cared twopence about the corn duty, but that everybody was thinking of the preferential tariff. This is perfectly true, for the repeal of the corn duty is a mere Budget detail, and is not even a move in the great game which Mr. Chamberlain has opened, and which assuredly will not be finished under a decade. With admirable tact Mr. Balfour refrained from widening the breach between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Ritchie by simply not alluding to either of his colleagues. So adroitly did the Prime Minister handle the situation that when he sat down a feeling of intense relief permeated the ministerial ranks, as it was realised that for the present at all events the danger was passed. Without saying so explicitly the Prime Minister made it clear that Mr. Chamberlain had gained his point, namely, that the preferential tariff is to remain an open subject for discussion, and that in the meantime the Government is to finish the Session. It is possible that Mr. Chamberlain would have preferred to sever himself from his colleagues at once, for obviously he could do more in the way of propaganda if he were in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility. But the Colonial Secretary is loyal to the Government, and particularly to the Prime Minister. He knows that it is desired to carry the Irish Land Bill, and that it is

doubtful whether the Government could survive his secession many weeks. Besides, Mr. Chamberlain is himself wishful of settling the labour question in South Africa, and has already begun negotiations with the Government of India on the subject of importing coolies. The Colonial Secretary has therefore acted prudently and patriotically in swallowing his resentment against Mr. Ritchie, and allowing things to go on as they are. Even the Radicals who, at the beginning of the week, were unduly excited by the prospect of an immediate dissolution, now see that no election can take place this year. The feeble and uncertain speech in which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman wound up the debate on Wednesday would not indicate that the Opposition were ready or thirsting for the fray.

And now what is the position? The Prime Minister has told the world that he has "no settled convictions" on the question of our tariff policy. To many worthy persons, who prefer dogma to demonstration, this admission seems very shocking, almost as upsetting as if the Prime Minister had said he had no settled convictions about the decalogue. To us it is delightful and reassuring. How many of our public men would dare to admit that they had no settled convictions about any subject under the sun? The hold which Mr. Balfour has over the House of Commons is due to the fact that he talks to its members exactly as he would talk to a friend sitting opposite to him in his own room. Members of Parliament are never quite sure whether Mr. Chamberlain is talking to them or to the wider audience out of doors. But with the Prime Minister they always feel that they see his real mind, without disguise, without affectation, sometimes even in *déshabille*. This confidence is fascinating, but we are not certain whether it is politic with regard to the public, who are accustomed to be lectured and told what they should think. For if the Prime Minister has no settled convictions about fiscal policy, how can poor Brown or Jones have any? For the open door we have now substituted the open mind, and it will be curious to see how it will work upon statistics during the next few years. At all events we have it from the Prime Minister that a question on which he has not made up his own mind will only be settled by leisurely discussion. Mr. Balfour made a palpable historical hit when he contrasted the two methods by which statesmen propose great changes of policy, the secret and the public method. Sir Robert Peel had been converted by Cobden and Mr. Gladstone by Parnell long before their nearest friends and most intimate colleagues had an inkling of their change of views. After months or it may be years of silent and secret cogitation, a great Minister startles his friends and the world by reversing the policy of his past. Recriminations, charges of treachery and inconsistency are the inevitable results. It is possibly a reminiscence of the unpleasant effect upon himself produced by Mr. Gladstone's sudden revelation of his Home Rule policy that has induced Mr. Chamberlain to take the public into his confidence at an early stage of his mental progress. We like Mr. Chamberlain for telling us at once about his change of views, and we admire Mr. Balfour's courage in saying that he has an open mind on the subject. With regard to the Unionist party in the House of Commons the situation appears to be this. One third of the party (about) are protectionist, openly or secretly: one third are convinced free traders: and one third are waverers. The Prime Minister, by his obvious leaning to Mr. Chamberlain, has turned the scales in favour of the preferential tariff by drawing the waverers to him. If Mr. Chamberlain is patient, as Mr. Gladstone was not, he may win even at the first election. But if he is impatient and appeals to the country in a hurry, it will not be a question of one or two campaigns.

THE WAYS OF FREE TRADERS.

WHILE the Government was using the corn-tax debate for a display of political disorder, the free traders were reading us a delicious lecture in economic confusion. They were opposing the duty as free traders, and yet they could not agree on the

fundamental issue whether it was really protective in its effects or not. If it had not been for the wider questions which had been raised by Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, Sir Michael Hicks Beach would have voted for it as an excellent fiscal measure which would be of immense benefit to the country as a new source of revenue, and impose no burden on any class that would be in any degree inconvenient. The consumer had had nothing extra to pay: the outcry against the little loaf was all nonsense; the farmers had had no protection against the foreign grower of corn at all. It might be thought from Sir Michael's rigid pose as a free trader that nothing was hidden from his omniscience as to the effect of taxation. Yet he is absolutely at a loss to say what the duty has done and would do. He did not know whether the producing of corn or flour abroad might profit; whether the steamship companies and the railway companies who bring us that corn or flour might profit; or whether our dealers, millers or bakers might profit. The only person he is sure who will not benefit by the repeal will be the consumer. Let us see what Mr. Ritchie says. "It is a very extraordinary thing", he exclaims, "that two and a half millions of money should be collected for the revenue without any one feeling it. That is a part of political economy which I do not understand". He believes the baker will take care to transfer the tax, and that he has done so and would keep it fixed on the consumer as long as the duty lasted. We thought all free traders understood political economy so profoundly as to be able to decide every possible question with the most absolute cocksureness. But if Sir Michael understands it Mr. Ritchie does not; and if Mr. Ritchie does, as he says he does, then he convicts his fellow free trader of not knowing the elements of the science. And how many other profound students of economics are there who have voted against the Corn duty because they think they understand economics!

Mr. Ritchie was certainly right to take the best view of the duty for electioneering purposes. It would never have done to repeal the duty if he had adopted Sir Michael's view that it was felt by nobody as a burden. He could not have made that pathetic reference to the home-baking industry in Lancashire and Yorkshire. He could not have roused opposition cheers by announcing with a *cri de cœur* that what appeals to him more than anything else is the fact that the increase in the price of bread falls most heavily on the poorest of the community. Sir Michael's views would have deprived him of those purple passages which are to stir the feelings of the country. Mr. Ritchie was at his most incoherent stage when he dragged in the Lancashire and Yorkshire makers of home-made bread. What is there in that which makes them more liable to feel the duty than other people when they buy at the baker's? Nothing at all; and if Sir Michael is right Mr. Ritchie wastes his pathos; but it looks well and sounds well, this intimate picture of the domestic life of the collier and farm labourer. And why in the world did Mr. Elliot not back up his chief instead of further taking away the effect of these fine sentiments by asserting his belief that "in the long run" a large proportion did fall on the consumer. Perhaps by the time of the next elections he may have come to the conclusion that "the long run" has arrived and that all the tax falls on the consumer.

The free traders who have discovered that the tax is protective, though this is against the opinion of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, are to make great play with the degradation of the physique of the people argument. Sir John Gorst and Sir Edward Grey are of this school; we confess we are surprised that they, whatever other free traders do, will make use of such reasoning. It appears that so long as the end is to defend free trade any slipshod reasons that seem in its favour will serve. Sir John has talked much and rightly about the housing of the poor being responsible for the deterioration in physique which it cannot be denied is going on amongst certain sections of the poorer classes. What point is there however in connecting this overcrowding with either free trade or protection? This pressing of such an argument into the service of free trade, when it is absolutely certain

that all these unpleasant facts have come into stronger prominence since the free-trade régime, shows how all logic and common sense disappear when a man is determined *coûte que coûte* to defend free trade. He misconceives the important social facts and employs them in an utterly irrelevant manner; and he attaches so much importance to minute analysis of a tax like the corn duty that he ends by bewildering himself as Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Mr. Ritchie bewildered themselves. But what does it matter to free traders that these eminent financiers arrived at diametrically opposite conclusions as to the duty, so long as they each wind up by announcing the inviolability of free trade and the intention of suppressing any attempt to try it by the test of our actual experience of it in recent years?

What are we to think of the capacity for discussing economic questions under such a prepossession as the free-trade dogma, when we see men so egregiously blundering as to declare that taxing food means *per se* the physical deterioration of the nation. It has blinded them to the best known historic facts. Mr. Balfour did more than answer irrefutably the arguments of Sir John Gorst and Sir Edward Grey; he laid bare the characteristic intellectual and moral weakness of free traders. One short paragraph in his speech ought to do more than anything else to discount, in the mind of the nation, the belief that the free traders know more about political economy than other people because, like Sir Henry Fowler and Mr. Bryce, they can reel off by the yard the propositions of economic text books. This devotion to text books sterilizes the free traders. Mr. Bryce asked derisively shall we have an inquiry into principles and summon Professor Marshall as a witness? As a matter of fact there is no economist of the present day who has written a text book who would say, settle the question by an appeal to my statement of theoretic principles in favour of free trade. Professor Marshall would not, nor Professor Sidgwick, nor Professor Shield Nicholson, nor a late Prime Minister of Holland, Dr. Pierson an orthodox economist — to mention only the names that immediately occur to us. To test free trade as any other economic doctrine the facts must be understood, and if free traders show themselves unable to correlate such facts as those Mr. Balfour mentions, they show their incapacity for economic discussion. "Although I think the subject of the physique of our race is probably the most important topic which can exercise the mind and intelligence of any person dealing with social phenomena, I cannot believe it has any relation to the topic (of the corn duty) at all, because it was the fathers and grandfathers of the school children supposed to be injured by this kind of tax who were brought up when wheat was 50s. and 60s. a quarter, and when that tax was a pound a quarter, and their degenerate descendants, whose physique we are asked to consider, have come into being at a time when free trade in corn has been in existence for more than a generation, when there was no duty on corn and when the average price of corn was incomparably lower." A number of windbags of free trade were thus punctured with dexterous ease by Mr. Balfour; and we cannot believe but that the nation will be impressed by the superiority of mental attitude displayed by such men as Mr. Balfour, who look at facts with open mind, over that of the men who, in deference to an inherited and traditional economic theory, are incapable of appreciating the bearing the facts have on the theory.

SCIENCE AND "VULGARITY OF MIND".

WORDSWORTH by way of illustrating the extreme length to which vulgarity of mind could carry one described a man of science who would peep and botanise upon his mother's grave. In his day, before science had become, as it is now, one of the idols of the market, there was something in it, to people of the literary and cultured classes, essentially commonplace and vulgar. Not that it was vulgar and commonplace because many people were interested in it then as they are now for its practical value in manufactures and commerce. They were not; for the

reason that they had not yet become aware of its importance as they have become since then. It was vulgar in the sense that Sir Frederick Bramwell seems to think Professor Herbert Hall Turner meant in his address at the Royal Institution a week ago, when as he says in the "Times" yesterday he quoted an American Professor to show that the laudation of applied science was often a sign of real vulgarity of mind. If that were true always as Sir Frederick has been quick to discern and resent, civil engineers would be a more vulgar class of persons than astronomers, just as linendrapers used to think of their woollen trade rivals as common sort of fellows. But Professor Turner did not go so far as this, and Sir Frederick has to some extent committed the "vulgar" error of forgetting that we have such phrases as the vulgar tongue, which does not mean the tongue used by the vulgar and common-minded, or the Vulgate which was not given to the world by persons who were vulgar and common of mind. It would be very regrettable indeed if Professor Turner were as a practitioner of the sublime science of astronomy playing the linen draper with Lord Kelvin and Signor Marconi, and Sir Frederick Bramwell. Not long ago we had what looked like an exhibition of resentment against the "mere physicist" for venturing to intrude his opinions in the province of the biologists, and the biologists very plainly suggested that Lord Kelvin should attend to his own business and leave theirs alone. The biologists in fact rather gave themselves airs and seemed to regard the physicist people *de haut en bas* as well as with no small jealousy; and fancied superiority and jealousy are very usual accompaniments of what is undoubtedly vulgarity of mind. What would become of the republic of science if this sort of thing were to go on and the man of pure science were to regard the man of applied science as the canonist used to regard the civilian, the civilian the common-law practitioner, or the physician the surgeon? It seems to be one of the eternal sources of gratification to human nature, especially feminine nature, to turn all kinds of small differences of position and circumstances into marks of superiority or inferiority. It is a keen pleasure to most people to have others to look down on. These are the people who have invented so many artificial distinctions that have not the slightest value: the desire to make the most of them is an unmistakable feature of the common grained or vulgar mind in the real intellectual sense. We all of us play at this unworthy game; and Sir Frederick Bramwell plays it a little in the last sentence of his letter. You look down on us civil engineers, he seems to say, because you think you are a pure science man. Do you know that the pure mathematicians treat you contemptuously? A distinguished mathematician complained of a colleague that he had "prostituted the science of pure mathematics by applying it to the service of astronomy". This is doubtless not so charged with the personal element as Mrs. Smith's "Who are the Joneses to give themselves such airs"; but there is a family likeness to it in Sir Frederick's retort on Professor Turner's supposed disdain for applied science. You cannot sneer at a man's occupation without making an implication which he will resent as personal.

In fact however the applied science men have it most of their own way in these days. Professor Turner is right and there is a general feeling, a state of mind widely or vulgarly spread, which reserves its admiration for scientific pursuits according as they obviously contribute to practical purposes. It is not unarguable that there is something coarse-grained and narrow, uncultured and in short intellectually vulgar in this attitude. When we see that the test almost universally applied to research is its commercial value, we sympathise with the mathematician who thanked God, when he had demonstrated a new mathematical theory, that it could not be of the slightest practical use to any living soul. Sir Frederick Bramwell argues that pure science is as dependent on applied science for its advances as applied science is on pure science; and he mentions the service of photography to astronomy. Sir Frederick Bramwell knows they both go together and Professor Turner would take it as a truism; but it is not equally evident to the many who

talk about the advantages of science; and Professor Turner is quite right in referring to the common practical view as vulgarity of mind. It is an unrefined and stunted mind which is not interested in "Hertzian waves" but only in the question whether wireless telegraphy will be a commercial success, and sees no wonder till that point is reached. We doubt whether our scientific men would be so popular as they are if some of them had not shown they could invent things which will make money. The endowment of research has meant to most people paying men to find out processes to beat the Germans or the Americans. Put it fairly and squarely to most people whether much money should be subscribed for the discovery merely of truth as truth for truth's sake—a means of broadening our views of life and the universe of culture in the true sense—and the vulgarity of mind discloses itself. More money was spent and more lives lost in attempting the North-West passage to find out a trade route than on all the scientific expeditions ever undertaken for any purpose whatever, or any explorations instituted for throwing light on ancient civilisations. If a poor man wants to pursue any path of pure science he can only do so by becoming a teacher of the practical side of his science; and there is no enthusiasm for endowing research which is not to make the pupils more skilful practical men. Latin and Greek professors know the change which has come over the public estimation in which they are held since their subjects have become not so obviously useful for business and professional purposes as once they were. How many more people would be studying evolution theories if they found the study helped them to improve the breeds of cattle, or cart horses, or race horses, or sporting dogs. It is undoubtedly true that the higher aspects of science are ignored as much as they can possibly be in popular opinion. To make science teaching an instrument of culture it would have to emphasise those views which have affected philosophic and theological and even political thought; and these are not at all the things that are in the minds of most people who insist on the importance of scientific teaching. There is in consequence a point at which vulgarity, in the classical sense, as regards the value of science becomes the same as vulgarity in the sense of commonness and crudeness of intellectual appreciation. The vulgarity is not, as Sir Frederick Bramwell understands Professor Turner to mean, in the application of science to some ordinary use, but in imagining that except where science can be so applied its investigations are of little account. This vulgarity is even responsible for the limiting of the term science in popular language to a certain set of subjects which have or may have a direct bearing on material comfort and prosperity. Philology, for example, would hardly be thought of for endowment in these days as a science; though it is not altogether fantastic at present to teach Chinese on account of the Chinese trade. This tendency to estimate the value of science by its material advantages, and to speak of it as education when it is taught as a means of obtaining them, is growing; and we agree with Professor Turner, if he was thinking of this when he spoke of the favour shown to "applied science", that it does imply a vulgarity of mind in one or both senses of the word vulgar.

THE LONDON INSTITUTION.

THE spirit of utility, to which nothing is sacred, would appear to threaten the London Institution after an existence of nearly a hundred years. If statements put forward with every appearance of authority are to be believed, certain of the proprietors have persuaded themselves that the sale of the site and buildings in Finsbury Circus would be to the public advantage. They argue that the place has fallen behind the times, more especially since the City has ceased to be a home, and become after nightfall a region of empty offices. Then why not part with it for some £250,000 or, according to sanguine estimates £400,000; and devote the proceeds to London University, the hospitals, or other excellent establishments, now languishing from lack of funds? Such reasoning is

common enough nowadays, when the old and the beautiful count for nothing against the clamorous claims of practical "efficiency". But even so, numerous instances have occurred in which capitals created by the conversion of honest masonry into money have been frittered aimlessly away. Justification, stronger than that supplied by indeterminate philanthropy, is necessary before the proprietors dispose of a fine building—to its almost inevitable demolition—and scatter one of the most complete reference libraries in London among private collectors and booksellers.

The founders of the London Institution were well inspired when, after it had found temporary homes in Old Jewry and King's Arms Yard, they chose William Brooks as their architect. His design, which was accepted in June, 1815, dealt boldly with the difficulties of the site; whereupon Lord Carrington and other leading bankers and merchants, who were backing the undertaking, came to his assistance by inducing the Corporation to grant them half as much land again without raising the price of the freehold. This had been assigned to them for £1,500—about a two-hundred-and-fiftieth part of its present value—though an historical account of the institution, written in 1835, complacently contrasts with that sum Stow's statement that in the reign of Edward III. the Moorfields were let for four marks (£2 13s. 4d.) as "a waste and unprofitable ground". Brooks had finally to deal with a frontage of over one hundred feet, and he turned it to good advantage. If something of caprice is visible in the Doric columns supporting the portico, that feature itself bears witness to his true feeling for the classical tradition. Imitated, with a free hand, from the Temple of Vesta at Tivoli, it is a fine example of modern work after the Corinthian order. In the same temper he planned the noble room, occupying the whole range of the first floor, 97 feet in length, 42 in width and 28 in height. With its cunningly contrived recesses, and light gallery running right round it, the apartment makes an ideal library. Spaciousness is the chief impression conveyed, and even visitors experienced in such matters learn with surprise that it contains upwards of 29,000 volumes. Brooks did not grieve overmuch, in all probability, when the observatory which was to have crowned the Institution had to be abandoned through economy. The proposed addition, as presented in a print which hangs in the committee-room, would have lent to the building a pagoda-like appearance. The theatre and laboratory helped to raise the total cost to over £31,000 and they are hardly equal to present requirements. But famous men of science and letters, such as Roget and Huxley, Ruskin and Mr. Meredith, have lectured in the first of them; while in the second, Sir W. R. Grove, who for several years was Professor of Experimental Philosophy at the Institution, invented his voltaic gas battery. The place has played an important part in the history of electrical discovery; and if the earlier proprietors—who included Sam Rogers, "Conversation" Sharp, Martineaus and Hanburys, sometimes encouraged quacks like Spurzheim, the phrenologist, they generally did good service towards promoting that association of knowledge with commerce which they professed as their guiding principle.

The library contains a most valuable collection of historical tracts, such as those on the French Revolution brought together by the Abbé Dumont for Lord Shelburne, that very interesting statesman whom Lord Rosebery regards as one of the suppressed characters of English history, the Simmons tracts relating to the Quakers and other rare pieces. It is rich in topography, especially in London topography, and the purchasers of its early French, Spanish and Italian literature evidently knew their business. But its real treasure consists in books printed in the fifteenth century and onwards, many in black-letter. They were mostly secured at the Lansdowne sale in 1806, but the two brothers, John and Arthur Arch, who were employed as buyers also ransacked booksellers' shops and even haunted the docks when prizes were brought in. The Institution boasts, for example, a fine folio history by Paulus Orosius, in Roman letter with the front page illuminated in the late Italian style; the celebrated Nürnberg Chronicles with spirited wood-

cuts by Wolgemuth, the master of Albert Dürer; and the Golden Legend as printed by Julian Notary in 1503. A greater rarity is "The History of the praise-worthy, valiant and renowned Hero and Knight, Tewdrannckhs" an allegorical account of his own achievements by the Emperor Maximilian I., "the Penniless". Minutely executed woodcuts by Hans Schauflein decorate the volume, which is printed in remarkable black-letter with flourishes at the bottom of the page imitative of German manuscript. From Lord Lansdowne's sale came a precious folio, Ashmole's "Institution, Laws and Ceremonies of the Noble Order of the Garter" with clear-cut impressions of the plates by Hollar. He, too, had been the proprietor of two large folios containing Giovanni Volpato's engravings of Raphael's paintings in the Vatican. An untiring delight to the eye, they are illuminated in opaque colours after the originals. A first edition of "Paradise Lost", with two errata noted in faded handwriting, keeps company with four Shakespeare folios, those of 1623, 1632 (with the Smethwick title-page) 1664 and 1685, which have been enthusiastically described by Mr. Sidney Lee. Other volumes—an Aldine Herodotus for example—contain specimens of the wonderful penmanship of Richard Porson, the first Librarian of the Institution; his numerals might easily be mistaken for small print. A compilation of the laws of the Spanish Colonies, printed at Madrid for Philip II. in 1581 made some noise nearly a hundred years ago. It was produced at the second trial of Sir Thomas Picton, the Military Governor of Trinidad, whom his enemies had accused on the most frivolous evidence of oppressing the inhabitants. It was an earlier Governor Eyre case, and turned on the point whether or not the Spanish laws permitted torture even in the mild form of the "picket". Picton obtained a triumphant acquittal, since not only was he authorised by the code he was administering; but, under English justice, the chief criminal who came before him—a thief called Luisa Calderon—would have been punished by death. With books of such human and bibliographical interest on its shelves, the London Institution has every claim to be preserved intact.

A SURVEY OF THE HIGHER SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: BRADFIELD COLLEGE.

FOUNDED 1850: HEADMASTER AND WARDEN, DR. GRAY.
APPOINTED 1880.

BRADFIELD has a curious halo of interest, almost of romance, which older and more famous schools may well envy: incidents, personalities, traditions even, cluster thick round a history barely half a century old. Stevens the original founder, warden and king of the whole, was nothing if not interesting—"That funny old gentleman", as Jowett called him, "who tied a school up to a church" was a clergyman, rector and squire of Bradfield as his fathers had been for centuries. Succeeding his father in 1842, he proceeded to devote in a large enthusiastic way all he could spare and more of his mortgaged rent roll and rectory income amounting in all to about £2,000 to restoring the parish church: Mozley in his "Reminiscences" says Stevens made a cathedral of it: he certainly with Sir Gilbert Scott's assistance pulled a great deal of the old church down and spent £30,000 in enlarging it. But Stevens' ideas always grew with accomplishment, influenced sufficiently by the Oxford movement to appreciate stateliness in worship, he must have a choir to sing in his "cathedral", he must have education for his choir boys—education, why not a school, why not a public school? And in 1850 six boys assembled under a master chosen by the rector to commence realising the latter's large ideas of a new Winchester. The Church connexion soon faded before the public school reality, and for years the school prospered. Stevens' bustling activity was occupied with many things—Board of Guardians, steam ploughing, homeopathy, even cold storage, for which he founded a company with the curious title of the I.C.E. Berg & Coy.: but he found time, too much time, to interfere in and control the domestic details and administration of the school. He would leave

nothing but what he called "the shepherding of masters and boys and the teaching" to his headmaster, as he loved to call him. And Stevens was no financier, his ideas which were all excellent yet came too thick and fast for him to work any of them out in detail, even the I.C.E. Berg & Coy. only prospered when sold to an outsider after the final crash came, and the school suffered from want of money, even masters could not get their salaries. "But what am I to do?" urged an impecunious younger master, who found he could not get home for the holidays in consequence. "Go and read the Nicene Creed my dear", was the warden's answer. "When I have been in trouble I have always found great comfort in the Nicene Creed."

Several headmasters, more or less distinguished, followed one another in quick succession; but all the time the school was doing good work; scholarships were obtained and the numbers rose to over 100; in 1880 the crisis came; the headmaster for the time being had just resigned, it turned out afterwards mainly owing to the warden's usual cursed lack of pence, and the warden hearing of Mr. Gray, who then as a young man of barely thirty had just been placed in charge of the Louth Grammar School, sent for him for an interview. Stevens appears to have behaved quite characteristically, he assumed from the start that Gray was his man, and talked to him as if he were already in charge. At last towards the end of the visit Dr. Gray asked him whether he was to be offered the appointment; and in almost pained surprise Stevens replied "Of course, my dear (the way he addressed everyone) I thought you had guessed long ago that you were the man for me".

It was only after Dr. Gray had been appointed that he discovered the great straits the school was in financially; he took possession in the summer term 1880, but no money was forthcoming for masters' salaries or for the ordinary expenses of the school, and at last during the warden's absence a tradesman put in an execution into the Rectory, an investigation took place, a petition in bankruptcy was filed and the warden rector proved hopelessly insolvent, the debts being £160,000 of which only about half was secured. Luckily some time previously the warden had constituted the school premises with thirteen acres of land, a charitable trust; so that the creditors could not touch that. After very considerable pressure the warden was persuaded to resign, and Dr. Gray, who had determined to stand by the sinking ship, became warden as well as headmaster. The Council, which under the old régime had been very little of a governing body, was hastily summoned to deal with the crisis; and to the question whether Dr. Gray had determined to stay because he believed in the school came the characteristic answer "No, Sir, it is because I believe in myself".

It took some time to tide over the crisis; though the school premises and some land were safe, yet much of the adjoining property and buildings on which the existence of the school depended, waterworks, gasworks, laundry, had remained the warden's private property, and passed to his creditors; these naturally tried to put the screw upon the school, but after three or four pitched battles Dr. Gray managed to bring them to terms and the future became assured. Happily the numbers of the boys then about 50 seems to have been very little affected by these alarms and excursions; and very soon the numbers began to increase.

The school consists now of about 320, there being some 40 in a preparatory school, to which boys are admitted at the age of nine. The numbers speak for themselves; Dr. Gray's energy and ability have floated the school successfully past all financial troubles, and fitted it with a chapel, with houses, schoolrooms, engineering shop, and all the modern appliances of a successful public school. The site is a peculiarly healthy and attractive one, on a height overlooking the Thames Valley.

Bradfield is remarkable for several things. Teaching at Bradfield in the old days was wittily described as "Disputing in the school of one Tyrannus"; but it is the benevolent despotism at Bradfield to-day, just as much as thirty years ago, that makes the school what it is. Dr. Gray's position is unique; he is not only

headmaster, but warden and chairman of his own body of governors; the school owed its very existence to him in 1881, and its success in every department is due to his personal stimulus. What wonder if a little advertisement is the result? Any man who has done for an institution what Dr. Gray has done for Bradfield would be more than human if he did not occasionally allude to it.

Naturally, as the result of Dr. Gray's driving force and energy, the school has very quickly responded to all the modern demands of education. Unlike Eton, for instance, the school possesses an excellent sanatorium; there is a regular engineering school, with a three years' course, attended by some 40 to 50 boys, in which the steam-engine alone, which is used for the practical work of electric lighting as well as for workshop purposes, cost £1,000. The work of the army and navy class has been particularly successful, and 80 boys out of a little over 300 take up this work; 90 are on the modern side and the remaining 150 read classics. The division does not spread entirely down the school, but Dr. Gray looks forward to the necessity of carrying out the division more completely in the future. The results achieved in public examinations by the school are remarkable, for instance in one year recently five open scholarships including a Balliol scholarship, eight passed into Sandhurst or Woolwich and six naval cadetships all direct from the school. In other departments the school is equally ambitious and successful: it has twice won the Ashburton, in 1893 and in 1897; and the school can hold its own certainly in football with those of similar size and position like Radley, though in cricket it does not appear to do so well; the fault is said to lie in the ground, which is not perhaps so good as it should be; this point is, of course, receiving the ubiquitous warden's attention.

We have left to the last the thing which is perhaps most significant of Bradfield; many people have heard of the charming schoolboy performances of the "Antigone" or "Agamemnon" who know very little of the college. Bradfield was the first school to attempt these classical revivals. In 1880, in spite of the financial troubles hanging thick about him, and the small size of the school, Dr. Gray had enthusiasm enough to make a start. He invoked the assistance of Mr. F. R. Benson, an old schoolfellow of Dr. Gray's at Winchester, who had recently been performing Clytemnestra at Oxford with great success, and of one or two older people, and the "Alcestis" was successfully produced. But the great feature of the Bradfield plays was yet to come. In 1888 an old disused chalk-pit, just outside the college grounds, came into the warden's hand, which he proceeded to turn into a correct Greek theatre with a orchestra on the model of that at Epidaurus; the greater part of the work of clearing and excavating was done by the boys, and the theatre has since been considerably enlarged, and the great sweep of semicircular steps now holds something like 2,000. The situation is perfect; trees and vegetation surround the topmost tier, at the top of the old chalk-pit; and to sit in the open in the warm of a summer day, with the song of the birds above and to gaze down at the Greek Temple and Altar and the whole life of a Greek performance is really to catch some of the spirit of the drama as it appeared to the Hellenes. A play is only presented once in three years, and the stock consists of three plays the "Antigone", the "Agamemnon" and the "Alcestis", one from each of the three great dramatists. The details are carried out with great completeness, music in the Dorian mode has been written by a master connected with the school, which the boys themselves are taught to play upon proper citharæ and αὐλὴ; and now the parts are all taken by members of the school with the occasional assistance of Dr. Gray or of ladies connected with the school for the female parts. Asked if the play entailed any waste of the boys' time Dr. Gray maintained it did not, that it is really all done as an effort of despotism (and what is not at Bradfield?) he himself being present at every rehearsal and supervising every detail; the rehearsals all take place out of school hours except the final one, and there is no doubt that if the play does occupy much time and thought, it

gives the boys engaged an incomparable insight into the spirit of the Greek drama.

We have nothing but good wishes for the success of Bradfield under its energetic Head; it is the type of modern, alive educational institution on sound lines, which deserves all the success it gets.

CONSTANTINOPLE: THREE ASPECTS.

I.
WITH sunset all the life of Stamboul dies out suddenly, like the light in the sky. I had been standing in the great square of the Seraskierat, watching the orange fire fade slowly at the end of a narrow street, where it filled the little space of sky. The light dwindled off the high Oriental gateway, and the walls and domes and minarets of the Bajazidié, the mosque of pigeons, darkened by its cypresses. It was through a changed aspect of things that I walked back, following the tram-line which winds about, past the Burnt Column, and the At-Meidan Square, and Santa Sophia, and the Sublime Porte, and the outer walls of the Old Serai, down to the tumultuous square by the bridge. Dark came on rapidly, but I still saw the glitter of the Sea of Marmora, down one or two side streets, as if at the end of the street. Faint gas lamps began to flicker feebly, showing one here and there a gap in the road, a heap of refuse, a dog with all its sores laid out across one's path. Carriages passed at intervals, dashing from side to side of the road with a clatter of hoofs and a rattling of wheels. Many of the dogs rose slowly from the gutter and began a fierce barking; the uneasiness of the night had come upon them. Light shone out of open windows and from behind closed blinds; fierce, half-seen figures passed rapidly; a few men still sat on the little chairs in the road, where they had been drinking coffee, and where they still sucked, like babies with bottles, at the long tubes of their narghilehs. Some of them were those patriarchal Turks of the old school, with their long quilted coats of gold or green, almost down to their heels. The narrow eyes, half shut, turned sideways, in the stealthy immobility of the face. Peasants passing you, some of them with fine, unspoiled, wild, mountain faces, stared with a fierce faculty of attention, a dart of eyes which bored into you, screwing their way in with a child's eagerness. They were hurrying homewards, and the streets grew emptier until one came near the bridge, where there was still some movement of men and horses and carriages. As I crossed the bridge, on that difficult footing, the water was still darkened with boats. The opposite shore was one long blaze of lights, and the steep streets of Pera shone confusedly.

II.

In this fierce, amazing place, there is always rest by the Sea of Marmora. I liked best to sit on the shore at Yeni-Kapou, where small waves beat on the rocks at my feet, and the masts rocked at anchor close to the shore, or spread their sails against the filmy mountains beyond the islands. The sea glittered placidly along the curve of the decayed port, with its few small ships, and the longer curve going on beyond the Seven Towers, and the cypresses of Kadi-Keui stepping down into the water. Behind, there was the railway, there were a few houses, with great fragments of ruined walls, the ancient sea-walls of the city. A little way along, you came to another, more bustling, bit of sea-shore, almost like Italy; boats bringing in timber, the unloading, the weighing, the loading of donkeys; children, a crowd of dogs, a wooden café in the sea. Beyond the railway lies the mosque of Little Santa Sophia, the sixth-century church of S. Sergius and S. Bacchus. Whitewash has done all it can to disfigure the lovely interior of a church which is built on the pattern of the church of S. Vitale in Ravenna. The mosaics are covered with roughly painted arabesques, the beautiful capitals are whitewashed, but the frieze, with its Greek lettering, remains; and the eye, when the mind has helped it to see straight, in spite of the distorted focus of mihrab and matting, can still recognise the perfect balance, the lovely proportions, of the structure.

Climb through a few twisting streets, and you

come upon a mosque which I returned to again and again, for the mere pleasure of being there: the mosque of Mehmed Pasha, once the church of S. Anastasia. It is set in a nest of trees, on the edge of the hillside; square-towered doorways, trailed over with vines, lead into a small square court, with arcades of trefoil-shaped arches, a simple, admirably designed fountain in the midst, covered with a wide wooden roof; thin-leaved trees are planted around three sides of the court. The mosque is small and plain, with blue tiles on the front, and arches of red and white marble. The walls, on the side overlooking the sea, are covered with ivy, the only ivy I saw in Constantinople. Through the barred windows of the outer court you see thick clusters of trees, with pigeons among their branches, almost hiding the straight white wall, and throwing a great black-green shadow on the terrace beyond. There are a few old and desolate graves among the grass. As I wandered to and fro in the courtyard, one or two quiet men came out of the doors under the arcades, looked at me quietly, and turned back again without curiosity.

III.

There is, in Constantinople, one harbour of peace, where the Moslem is at home with himself, far from the mongrel crowds of Pera and Galata and Stamboul: the little, fierce, wind-swept suburb of Eyoub, conservatively alive among its graves. The Christian is unwelcome there; and why should he not be unwelcome? The mosque is the most sacred mosque in Constantinople, one of the two mosques which no Christian is allowed to enter; and is there anything unreasonable in this reticence? It is his association with other races, his struggle against the alien forces in his midst, that degrades the Turk; he learns craft from the Jew and greed from the Christian. In Eyoub he has drawn himself aside, he lives the life of his forefathers; and you find yourself instantly in another atmosphere as you land from the steamer at the last station on the Golden Horn. Beyond the water, low hills rise curved; dark cypresses climb the hill-side in rigid lines; near the shore, rising out of trees, are the small white dome and the two minarets of the mosque. The streets are broad, well paved, with none of the dirt and slime of Constantinople; on each side of the street are shops in which beads and rosaries are sold, and you see, for once, really appetising pancakes being made, clean bread and clean fruit being sold. Men sit gravely in the cafés and at the doors of the shops; there is no noise, no bustle; every eye turns on you, without approval, but, as you walk quietly through their midst, without open hostility. The walls around the mosque are pierced by barred windows, through which you see bushy trees, and one huge plane-tree, gaping as if from a wound. As I passed, the outer doorway was being repainted, and the black lettering above it was being carefully brightened. The inner court, through which men and women were passing, was well swept; there was none of the dust which lies thick about so many of the mosques; I caught a glimpse of the doorway into the mosque itself: the unadorned white marble was spotlessly white. But a little way beyond the mosque, a winding path begins up-hill among the tombs, a kind of stairway, with well-swept stairs, between the tombstones; around many of them are iron rails, freshly painted; even the tombs of women, with their flower-topped heads, are sometimes railed round. From the hill-top you look down on the Sweet Waters of Europe, a placid lagoon, with its dim water, and pale islands of grasses, and barren shores. Further to the right, beyond the hill of graves and the mosque, lies the whole curved course of the Golden Horn, with its shores of houses and its many masts, shining under the sunlight. Yet further to the right are the brown roofs and walls and grated windows of Eyoub, set in masses of green trees, filling the valley, and rising up another hill to the sky. The cypresses around and below swayed in the wind, which came coolingly about one. I sat for a long time on the hill, looking down on this fierce, and, as they call it, fanatical suburb, where I had expected to feel only a sense of peril and discomfort. Never had these enemies, the Turks, seemed to me so sympathetic, so reasonable; only, I could not help feeling that some apology was needed for my being there at all. ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE GUILDHALL AND OTHER EXHIBITIONS.

THE name of Rembrandt is taken in vain more than once in the catalogue to the exhibition of Dutch paintings at the Guildhall, and there is nothing of the first quality from his hand; for the portrait of Titus, with all its charm and mastery, is not one of the most perfect of a great kind; the painting leans away from complete balance towards a glue-like consistency. On the other hand the name of Rembrandt is given to what must be the masterpiece of his pupil, Philips de Koninck. This picture, "*Le Commencement de l'Orage*", is now in the possession of Lady Wantage after curious vicissitudes. It is one of the grandest landscapes of the Dutch School, and it is not astonishing that its quality should have won it an attribution to the master rather than the pupil. It was the master, very likely, who opened the pupil's eyes to the beauty of far-stretching landscapes and the power of cloud-shadows to compose and render them mysterious; yet this particular landscape appears to be his own, for its scrubby country fretted with water channels, its central bridge and little town, its distant dunes and sea are all to be found in No. 836 of the National Gallery. The point of view there is a little different, the sky less dramatic and less boldly designed in concert with the lines of land and water: in Lady Wantage's picture those last few steps have been taken that are worth all the rest, for if it is the first step that costs, it is the last that pays, and the picture that might be described as interesting, good and so forth, lifts itself triumphantly out of that region into the other of great things securely done and necessary in their aspect. It is on very narrow differences, sometimes, that this transmutation of quality depends. In the more ordinary de Koninck, such as that shown two years ago at the Old Masters, he carries out his sympathy with him in what he is attempting, but there is a failure of his means at a certain point, so that we have to make out the rest for ourselves; the guide drops us before the goal, having done what he can: here he goes singing ahead, and we follow easily. The defect in those pieces is that the substance and the veil are not thoroughly adjusted: parts appear glazy, bald and scrubbed. In the Guildhall picture he has not only constructed and laid out his vast chequer-board of land and water, of shadowed and shining spaces, but he has been able to build in the air a more difficult vaporous structure, cloud and rain-smoke advancing from the distant horizon through the deep picture-space, and has knotted its action together where the rain bursts and drives over the sandhills. Rembrandt and Turner might go beyond this in elusive, natural-seeming pattern; but we have only to look at Ruysdael's sea, a beautiful piece of tone, on the opposite wall, with the arbitrary effect of its wave and cloud forms, to measure the success of de Koninck. He takes his place with the Ruysdael and Hobbema of one or two landscapes.

Next to this landscape is the superb "*De Ruyter*" of Frans Hals, better known than the de Koninck, but inexhaustibly interesting; for when the splendid port and character of the admiral have been studied at the picture range, there is, at close range, a world of detail to follow out in the nervous drawing of eyes, nose, mouth and other details, the mysterious simplicity and finesse of handling. One might have hoped, by the way, that we had seen the last of the serving up of one incident in his career as a full characterisation of the man; but in the catalogue this ludicrous caricature is repeated. "He was a man of violent and drunken character. . . . He was idle and fond of pleasure." The man who painted the de Ruyter had reached in his character of sobriety and delicacy, an exactitude of eye, a restraint of hand of the rarest kind; it is the gossip biographers who are violent and loose, idle and fond of a very impertinent kind of pleasure. If the worst that has been alleged of Carlyle were true, we should not think "wife-beater" a luminous description of him, and if a distinguished artist were forced to accept a Civil List pension in extreme age we should not call him an idler. The world may pray for a few more such idlers as Frans Hals.

I confess I have found it difficult to study the rest of the collection, drawn back again and again by these

two pictures: yet there are many other things of interest. Take for an example in a very different line the still-life of Willem Van Aelst (150). Here is a kind of "finish" that does give pleasure, from its thorough understanding of the work in hand and the kind of beauty aimed at; it is not the finish which consists of messing carried to the *n*th degree.

If it is difficult to do justice to the lesser talents of the older school, it is harder still in the case of the modern. It seems to me a mistake to bring together a large number of works by Josef Israels, for an element of manufacture is emphasised. A sensitive artistic side he certainly had, and I have seen from time to time paintings by him that remain in the memory; for example a blond head that was in the possession of the late Mr. Andrew Muir; but he appears to have compromised rather early with his art. When he takes up his chosen picture for the fifth or tenth or twentieth time, it is not to reinforce it by a graver effort of design or tenderer treatment of light; it is only the pathos of circumstance that he bestows any fresh thought upon. What happens to painting carried on after that fashion is seen in the "Jewish Wedding" (95). A collection of James Maris's landscapes brings with it something of the same reproach. At the Hamilton Bruce sale there was a fine work by him, "A Canal in the Dunes", which must have been painted in a quite doubtful spirit as to the price it would fetch at a dealer's. The picture that he did make certain with, that of the town with its spires and mills and roofs under big clouds, was a fine vision; but once he was secure of its reception, how easily he was content to repeat it. In No. 46 he has painted his blue sky with hardly a gradation as it arches downwards, and the cloud, with its rough provisional painting, seems never to have been taken up and redone better. It is pleasanter, therefore, to see one of these pieces at a time, so as to appreciate how much was done, not how often it was done. Matthew Maris, the brother, on the other hand, seems to have been morbidly self-critical, so that at last he could not bear more than the obliterated shadow of his picture. His own construction evidently did not please him; at the end of anything he could do in that line he saw perhaps his successful fellow student Alma-Tadema. He was glad when he could get the work of some man of common fibre as a foundation, and on its structure elaborate his own ideal of veiled form and precious surface. (There was a nude at the sale already referred to, treated in this way.) He came nearest conquering his scruples and his picture in the little group of landscapes dating from the early seventies. Two of them, the "Montmartre" and "Windmills" are here, and another, the riverside town, has enough of substance to make his ideas of a veil effective. The two pictures of a girl with butterflies he must have shrunk from as too positive; in others, like the "Goat Girl", the design becomes small and finicking. In the so-called "Lady of Shalott" he sets himself to correct this, by giving large flowing contours to the lady's form, and making the little tree wriggle obsequiously to it. . . . He hunts a beautiful phantom; he has a shimmering veil to apply; but the lay figures he can drape it upon he can only make tolerable to himself by smoothing them away into nothing. He is haunted by the exquisite last stage of a picture and beset by impotence in the earlier.

A very different type of artist is to be seen at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, Adolf von Menzel. Veils and defences against the forms of things are not what he seeks: he seems content to look at anything, if he may look at it hard enough and pursue it with implacable drawing. When he has drawn a pair of field-glasses (14) the original must surely suffer a diminution of its sense of reality, and appear a weak impression of the more certain, affirmative thing of Menzel's making. He has no complaisances. He pursues the gloved hand of No. 25 like a police inspector. He will even spoil his drawings as drawings, by stumping and rubbing to add to facts of modelling. The variation in quality is extraordinary, from tense notation worthy of Dürer, to dull illustrator's work on ungrateful material. A painting of the interior of a theatre (32) is a great surprise because of its sympathetic study of illumination and considerable beauty of paint. It must also antedate by a good many years

the treatment of such subjects by Degas, for it is dated 1856.

Along with a few works by older men, Mr. Van Wisselingh is showing a group of new paintings by Messrs. Ricketts, Charles Shannon, Conder, Bauer and others. The paintings of Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Shannon have certain qualities of imaginative design that are both rare and considerable. Perhaps expressive geometry of form conveys, as neatly as any phrase, this particular power. Take as example the curious pyramid of erect and horizontal bodies in an angle of the floor that Mr. Shannon has repeated from a lithograph, or the gaunt plotting of Mr. Ricketts's "Job". In this last, too, the empty bony landscape sets the figures in what to the mind is a primeval and biblical air. The brown and blue of the limited scheme of colour are more finely wrought in these later examples. It must be added that the anatomy of form is not equal to its geometry, but rather "fudged out", as the older painters expressed it, from a general mass. Neither painter has mastered construction in paint. Yet the indication, as with Matthew Maris, is that of a fastidious mind, that avoids many practicable vulgarities, if it grasps its own vision uncertainly.

At Messrs. Obach's in a collection of French pictures is a remarkable Corot, No. 34, with more energy and movement than in any other that I recollect.

D. S. MACCOLL.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

THE performance of Mr. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" at Westminster Cathedral last Saturday evening had its features, as all things have, save a Philharmonic concert. But to me the most interesting point about the thing was that it showed me the British oratorio, that most extraordinary musical growth, pushed to the very limits of its inherent absurdity by the sheer force of a composer who has brains, temperament, musicianly skill and a certain degree of musical invention. It is easier to say what this "Dream of Gerontius" is not than what it precisely is. For me it emphatically is not a perfect work of art. There are many qualities in such music, and some of them are fine ones; but never for a single bar do I find that almost indescribable quality, unity in variety, complete accord between the matter uttered and the manner of its utterance, reposeful inevitability, which stamps the masterwork. And after poring over the music for many hours I think I know why Elgar, a musician of undoubtedly high gifts, has so signally failed.

How many people have seriously reflected on a question, the question, namely, What is the British Oratorio Form? The British Oratorio Form is the same as that of the British Cantata, excepting that in the Cantata we sometimes find a subject treated that has not been treated by one of the great masters—or rather by the great master, Handel. It is a bastard form. It has no legitimate parentage. The old Mystery was well enough in its way; the old Italian opera was well enough in its way. The mischief began when with the religious sincerity and earnestness of the mystery was mated the pretty tune-fulness of the early Italian opera. These two could not unite in matrimony and bear healthy children. The ban of the Church was upon the union. The curse of the light opera-singers and (what was perhaps a little more effective) their vocal skill were against the influence of the Church. A curious thing happened. In Italy the oratorio got only a temporary hold and was then shaken off, though Italy was a Roman Catholic country—and also, it must be owned, at one time an opera-loving country. In France, a Romanist country, oratorio got no hold at all. In old Germany, partly Lutheran, partly Romanist, partly goodness only knows what, it got a small hold for a while; but Mendelssohn, the Christian, killed it: the Germans never could stomach "Elijah". But last, in England, this never-ceasing-to-be-an-astounding-England-of-ours (as a German would say—or write if he dared not say it), here, in this blessed isle of ours, surrounded by the inviolate sea and full within of Calvinists and other haters and destroyers of a healthy and joyous mode of

life—here the oratorio “caught on”. Handel, as astute a man as ever lived, and certainly the most astute amongst composers, combined religiosity with lovely Italian song, and the results were amazing. He made a number of masterpieces and he crushed a flourishing school of music. Purcell had not been very long dead when he arrived on these shores; and there was nothing particularly discouraging in the fact that Purcell had no immediate successors. There was no reason to fear they would not arrive. But Handel arrived instead, Handel with his overwhelming strength and energy, his enormous power of invention and assimilation. He fought for a long time to establish Italian opera, but perceiving in the end that religion was the card to play he played it, played it magnificently, so magnificently that after two centuries we are still endeavouring—and many endeavouring with faint heart and will—to escape from his lordly domination.

Haydn first and Mendelssohn later followed in Handel's footsteps: they combined what the evangelical calls “the devotional spirit” with sensuous musical effects. The only English oratorio worth the name since “Elijah” is Mackenzie's “Rose of Sharon”. Here we find some fine music, a lot of sham religion (I believe some of it was cut out in the second version), and something besides. Just as the Handelian oratorio consisted of pious remarks and beautiful tunes, so the British oratorio, as we find it in the “Rose of Sharon”, consists of the Handelian form with most of the obvious devices of the Wagner music-drama. Verdi had a great influence over Mackenzie in his “Rose of Sharon” days; but only in the shaping of his tunes, not in his broad form. The disastrous thing, it becomes apparent when one studies the oratorios given to a suffering world since the “Rose of Sharon”, was the combination of two utterly incompatible methods of expression. The older form of oratorio was a hybrid; but it would pass the wit of man to find a name for the newer form. The older form consisted, so to say, of a number of tableaux; the tale is advanced inch by inch and stopped as each inch of the ground is covered until certain persons have made more or less appropriate remarks. The newer form tries to make the thing a continuous unfolding of the story and yet (out of wrong-headedness or for the sake of the market) to work in the appropriate remarks. In every way the result is a wretched artistic failure. Confound all appropriate or inappropriate comments and reflections in a story say I! But especially may they be confounded who trade on the religious feelings of a nation and, tongue in cheek, give us a lot of sham religion mixed up with music that might be admirably in place in a comic opera. The Salvation Army “raises” the masses by setting very serious words to nigger minstrel tunes. What we all feel about a Salvation Army service is what I feel about a modern oratorio. Think of “Eden”, “Saul”, “Job”, the “Rose of Sharon”—is not music, if possible pretty music, the first object in all of them; is not the religious element dragged painfully in because there is a public that likes its religion in sugar-coated pills? I daresay Mackenzie, Parry and Stanford write sincerely according to their lights; probably they too like sugar-coated theological dogma; but their lights are bad ones—they are will o' the wisp that lead neither to vulgar popularity nor to fine artistic achievement.

Of one thing I am certain: Elgar is perfectly sincere. They tell me he has spent years on this “Gerontius”, and it seems a pity he should have wasted his time. It is nothing to an English critic that the work should have made some small stir in Germany and that Richard Strauss should have expressed his approval of it. Germany expects only oratorio from England, and German approval only means that Germany thinks the thing has been better done than usual. “Gerontius” is by far the best oratorio written since Handel's time—in sincerity it is far beyond the “Creation” and “Elijah”; in pure musicianship Elgar stands with Haydn and Mendelssohn—but none the less “Gerontius” will go the way of all other modern oratorios. It is neither frankly lyrical nor wholly dramatic. Some parts of it remind me of the scene in the “Rose of Sharon” where the people excitedly shout “The Sulamite comes, the Sulamite

comes” (or words to that effect), and then a lady in evening dress rises calmly from her chair, nods in a friendly way to the conductor, and breathlessly gives vent to her feelings. If you are to have drama it must be played (or sung) in the place for which and in which drama was invented. You cannot have operatic music in the concert-hall or in the church. There are suitable forms for the concert-hall, and, though I think church music has been done once for all, at any rate there is a good church style to be imitated or followed. Not many repetitions of sacred names and theological terms will persuade me that operatic music—music that comes obviously from the “Ring” and “Tristan” via another composer's pen—is what we called sacred music. “Gerontius” is not opera, it is not concert music, it is not old-fashioned oratorio. It is British Oratorio, that unspeakable hybrid; and despite its many merits it cannot live.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

A TRIPLE BILL.

ONE of the errors made by England is in her persistent veneration of solemnity as the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual seriousness. In point of fact, only that man is solemn who, not taking things seriously, cannot so take himself. Every man desires to be taken seriously by his fellows. Therefore, every non-serious man cramps his face behind a mask of unalterable solemnity. It is only the inwardly and spiritually serious man who can afford to laugh—or, rather, thinks he can afford to: he can't afford to, in England. But, of course, he does not reckon the price he must pay. To him, laughter is a spontaneous, necessary function. It is the inevitable reaction from seriousness. A man who sits still in a chair, doing nothing, needs not to repose and recreate his limbs. Even so, a man who neither thinks nor feels deeply on any subject under heaven needs not to laugh. The harder you work your body, the longer and more tranquilly must it lie at rest; and the deeper you think and feel, the louder and longer you will have to laugh. I suppose there is not under heaven a single subject on which Mr. Bernard Shaw has not thought deeply and indignantly. And there you have the reason for that spirit of uproarious merriment which seizes him so often, convulsing him as a man is convulsed by a frightful fit of coughing, and convulsing us, also, and preventing the stupid majority of us from taking him at his own right valuation. In his case, usually, the attacks of this spirit are soon over. He doubles up in agony, so do we; but he recovers himself and resumes the thread of his discourse so quickly that we are still gasping when the next fit overtakes him. “The Admirable Bashville” was a strangely prolonged convulsion, relieved only at infrequent moments by pauses of seriousness. It must have been written just after the completion of some almost wholly serious work which the author has not yet allowed us to see. That the Stage Society has dared to act it is a very good sign for the friends of the Stage Society. As with men, so with institutions. Just as it is only the fool that dares not play the fool, so it is only the safe and solid institution that dares dissolve itself in laughter. This year the Stage Society has made a very good record for itself. It has given us a beautiful play by a foreign dramatist, and has discovered for us two new natives who ought to do excellent work for the stage—three such natives, including Mr. S. M. Fox, of whose contribution to last week's triple bill I shall speak anon. And so, inevitably, we are treated to “The Admirable Bashville”. Some of the critics, I note, object to this extravaganza on account of its length. That is a typically English attitude. Our constant protest that “brevity is the soul of wit” arises simply from our mistrust of wit. We may go on being pompous by the hour; but wit is a dangerous thing, and, if we admit it at all, we stipulate that it be got quickly over. It is pathetic that we should try to give an æsthetic air to our purely moral objection. There is, of course, nothing to prevent a man from being witty for hours together—nothing at all but the likelihood that he is not, as Mr. Shaw is,

an exuberant wit. My only regret is that "The Admirable Bashville" was not written to fill an evening bill. Other critics object to the joke, not on the score of its elaboration, but because it is not elaborate enough. They deplore its lack of form and polish. Well! I am all for polish and form, and I demand them where they can be forthcoming. But Mr. Shaw's is a rude genius. He was born without sense of form, without patience for polish. I take him, and delight in him, as he is. Nay, though I hold that his serious work would be the better for a finer art, I recognise that its very carelessness and clumsiness gives to this jeu d'esprit a peculiar quality and value. Our laughter comes the more easily for the greater ease of its provocation. Something would be lost if we had the sense that the jester had been grimly determined to lose nothing. In a burlesque, the fun cannot be too rough and ready. Perhaps it is not quite accurate to call "The Admirable Bashville" a burlesque. It contains some of the stiffening of a real satire. We are reminded by it that Mr. Shaw really does think Shakespeare's form of drama a ridiculous thing, and really is angry with it. But this, after all, is a faint undercurrent. The whole thing resolves itself into a rollicking burlesque of Shakespeare's method and manner. As such, it has only two faults—faults of omission. There is no song. How delightful would be a song written by G. B. S. on the Shakespearean model! Also, there is no Shakespearean comic relief. Why was not a second policeman introduced into that scene of the prize-fight? *Second Policeman*: "Canst tell me of this prize-fight? Is't within law?" *First Policeman*: "Aye! To't. For what does a man prize highest? A fight. But no man fights what he prizes, else is he no man, being not manly, nor yet unmannerly. Argal, if he fight the prize, then is not the prize his, save in misprision, and 'tis no prize-fight within the meaning of the Act." *Second Policeman*: "Marry! I like thy wit", etc., etc.

When the play was published, I enjoyed it so much that I was rather nervous of seeing it on the stage. A carefully organised romp is apt to be a fizzle. One often hears of pleasant house-parties overcast by the well-meaning efforts of some of the guests. But professional skill may triumph where good amateur intentions collapse; and "The Admirable Bashville" amused me last Monday more than ever. The right way to act it is, of course, to take it quite seriously, reproducing in all their beauty the sonorous elocution and dignified deportment of the traditional Shakespearean mimes. Pre-eminently well by Miss Fanny Brough, that invaluable lady, this trick was performed. But the mimes were good, too.

The first item of the programme was a little play by Mr. Ian Robertson—"The Golden Rose, or the Scarlet Woman." This was a blend of the spirit of the old Morality with the modern methods of symbolism. The idea was beautiful, and the moral was exemplary, and the symbols were very apt and ingenious, and the stage-craft was quite perfect. Beautiful ideas are not uncommon. Many of us have a pretty taste in symbols. Anyone can point any number of exemplary morals, and anyone with a practical experience of the stage can muster as much stage-craft as is needed for a simple theme. Yet I do not fancy that "The Golden Rose, or the Scarlet Woman" will set a wide fashion. Such a play as this needs something more than the qualities I have enumerated. It must be written beautifully. And rare are they who can write beautifully. Mr. Ian Robertson is a clever actor, but his sense of literature is very, very rudimentary. He seems to have aimed at simple diction—the most difficult of all—and the result is mere baldness. I need not quote examples: the title itself is enough to acquit him of any sense for words. And it is only through words beautifully chosen and beautifully delivered that he could give the kind of impression that he wanted to give us. Both Miss Lily Hanbury and Mr. H. H. Ainley, who took the two chief parts, would have been able to fulfil their part of the bargain if the author had fulfilled his. I honour Mr. Robertson as a writer of a new kind of play. But I implore him, when next he writes another like it, either to have it delivered in dumb-

show or to collaborate with one of the very few people who could set it to such words as it needs.

I have already referred to Mr. S. M. Fox. It may be rash to judge from one play in one act, but I am inclined to think that we shall hear a great deal of Mr. Fox—supposing that Mr. Fox writes other plays as clever as "The Waters of Bitterness", and supposing that managers think the public clever enough to appreciate them. Anyhow, his is a strong and a bold début. He has made the central figure of his play an old maid, and his play is not a farce but a tragedy. Evidently a feminist, he has dared to present an old maid sympathetically. Not that he has idealised her. On the contrary, he insists on her faults. He abates nothing of her outward primness or of her outward egoism. She is not a clever egoist; indeed she is a fool, an obvious fool. None but herself is interested in her. That she has no sense of humour is the sole reason why she does not join in the universal laugh against her. So far, she is the old maid known to us in a hundred farces. But Mr. Fox takes us a step further. With a cunning and tender hand he lays open to us the heart of the old maid, moving our own hearts to compassion. At first sight, there seems nothing so very "bold" in this achievement. Nobody laughs now at old maids in real life. But that is a comparatively recent improvement in the human race. There was a time when cripples were tortured by their full-grown and upstanding fellow-creatures. Gradually it crept into the head of mankind that this was rather a bad habit. So cripples were merely mocked at. Now they are not mocked at, but pitied. Old maids have come into similar favour. But the change is too recent to have been noticed by those slaves of tradition who write for comic papers or write plays. In comic papers and in plays the old maid is still merely a butt, and the boldness of Mr. Fox is that he has defied an immemorial tradition. The strength of that tradition was illustrated by the behaviour of the audience. Presumably, the average member of the Stage Society is more intelligent than the average playgoer. And yet it was hardly till the end of Mr. Fox's play, when the old maid went out to take her own life, that the audience ceased to titter heartily at her. It required a pistol to make them realise that an old maid on the stage could be anything but ridiculous. I do not think this was Mr. Fox's fault. Though, as I say, he made the lady ridiculous in superficial details, it was quite clear to me, soon after the curtain rose, that she was meant to be taken quite seriously. However, perhaps Mr. Fox ought to have blazoned this precaution. Is not the first point in stage-craft to assume that every member of your audience is a fool?

MAX BEERBOHM.

INSURANCE REPORTS.

UNIVERSITY.—UNION.

THE University Life Assurance Society is notable for two things: its excellence, and its smallness. Its excellence is shown by the strong reserves which it holds, since its liabilities are valued on a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis, and, since the rate of interest earned on the funds was £3 13s. 3d., there is a good margin for surplus from this source. The rate of bonus has been high for many years, and at the last valuation was at the rate of £2 10s. per cent. per annum on whole life policies. The expenditure is moderate, amounting to only 13 per cent. of the premiums, and the mortality experienced last year was well below the mortality provided for.

With these very real attractions the new business ought to be considerably larger than it is. Last year only 146 new policies were issued, assuring £88,000, and yielding £4,350 in premiums. Such an amount is insufficient to make up for cessations from the maturity and surrender of policies, and for some years past the funds of the society have been decreasing in amount. It is true that this state of affairs is not detrimental to existing policy-holders, but it can scarcely be satisfactory to the shareholders, and it is a pity that the society does not make greater progress.

The report of the Union Assurance Society is very pleasant reading. For 1901 the Fire business showed

that the losses and expenses exceeded the premiums received by 15 per cent., or over £90,000, and as previous years have shown but slender profits it became necessary to take strong measures to put the business on a more satisfactory footing. The report for 1902 shows how quickly and successfully this has been done. The premium income shows a reduction, indicating that unsatisfactory business has been got rid of, and the Fire account shows a profit of £83,745. There is every reason to hope and to think that the temporary troubles of this old and famous society are now at an end.

The report of the Life department shows a smaller new business than usual, but the Life funds continue to increase. It is satisfactory to notice that the expenses were only 13½ per cent. of the premium income, a rate which is not only well below the average of other companies, but about half the rate incurred by the Union ten years ago. It is obvious that the policy-holders must gain largely by this reduction in expenditure.

In valuing the liabilities the rate of interest adopted was 3 per cent., as in previous years, but a substantial sum has been added to the reserves in various ways. The provision made for future expenses is more than 18 per cent. of the premiums, so that there is a contribution to surplus from this source of 5 per cent. of the premiums so long as the present rate of expenditure is maintained. The proprietors have wisely determined to limit their share of the surplus to £30,000, although they are entitled to take one-fifth of the surplus, which would be considerably more than this. As a result the society is able to declare a bonus at the rate of 22s. per cent. per annum, as compared with a bonus of £1 five years ago. The only exceptions to the receipt of the larger bonus are policy-holders in places where the Society has ceased to transact new Life business. The abandonment of some of its Continental Life assurance business is doubtless a wise step for the Society to take.

The total funds of the society now amount to about £4,000,000, and of course afford abundant security for the fulfilment of all its contracts. The Union was founded so long ago as 1714, and has had a long and prosperous career. It did not need much power of observation to see that the misfortunes of a year or two back were only temporary, and that so good a company would have little difficulty in again placing its business on a wholly satisfactory basis. This necessary change has been made more promptly and more successfully than might have been expected, and the management is to be congratulated on the report which it is able to give of its last year's work.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Beyond all question Mr. Chamberlain's most telling point in favour of the establishment of an Imperial Zollverein lay in the present relations between Canada and Germany. The feeling is certainly becoming every day more universal that we cannot sit down tamely and see our great colony punished by the Germans for having made a move in the direction of according to us the same favourable treatment which we accord to all the world. The Canadian situation indeed is, I think, the mainspring of the whole agitation in favour of preferential duties.

At the same time it cannot be denied that the impolicy of taxing our food supplies forms an objection to such a course of action that looms very large indeed in the public eye. The misgiving must present itself to everyone whether there does not lie in such a course a real danger of still further increasing the undoubted tendency towards deterioration in the national physique that has of late unmistakeably manifested itself; and there must be, from the politician's point of view, the further misgiving whether the policy is a practicable one, whether the working classes will consent to it, and whether, if they refuse, after having been asked, we shall not confirm the Germans yet further in their present policy, and place the imperial connexion,

even more than it was before, at the mercy of the foreigner.

It becomes therefore a matter of urgency to inquire whether there is not any other means of bringing the Germans to book besides the imposition of preferential duties. I would ask, have we not such a means open to us in the modification of our Navigation Laws? At present, of course, German vessels can trade between all the ports in the British Empire on the same terms precisely as our own. Without doing anything so sensational as to deprive them at once altogether of this privilege we might surely, with the consent of our colonies, threaten to impose differential charges on their ships that would form a fair equivalent for their penalisation of Canadian produce. The moral effect of such a measure would be more important perhaps than its immediate actual effect. It would affirm very effectively to all the world the unity of the empire, the fact that the British coast line is nothing else but the coast line wherever the British flag flies, and it would carry with it the menace of more drastic action in the same direction in the future which Germany might well hesitate to provoke. WILLIAM WARRAND CARLILE.

ANGLO-INDIAN INSURANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Khandesh: May 1903.

SIR,—You have for some time past paid a good deal of attention to the question of life insurance and the stability of various companies concerned with it. May I ask for a corner in your columns to ventilate a grievance under which we Anglo-Indians suffer in this connexion? I refer to the enormous "loading" which our companies charge us on account of our residence in the East. This if I may judge from two policies in my possession is never less than 10 per cent. and may be more.

Now I will not dispute the fact that residence in the East must affect longevity: but I utterly deny that the reduction in the average length of life is sufficiently large to justify an addition of 10 per cent. to the premium. We are all compelled to go through a rigid medical examination before we get to the East, we are all or nearly all members of the healthiest and longest lived members of the community and we are forced by the conditions of our employment to keep ourselves in a state of mental and physical fitness for our work. I should like to ask the companies, Has the rate of mortality among civilians in the East ever been scientifically examined by insurance experts? Is there a standard mortality table in existence for them? Because I, for one, do not believe that the "loading", if scientifically considered, should exceed 5 per cent., if that. The old fashion of heavy drinking and heavy feeding has passed away: and the English resident in India and Ceylon is often more moderate than his brother who stays at home. He lives a careful life, he is generally very active and often retires at fifty in a very fair state of physical vigour.

It would be interesting to know when the 10 per cent. loading was fixed. In the last five or six years two important discoveries have been made. First the inoculation for enteric, and second Ross' mosquito theory. The first of these has I believe largely reduced the ravages of enteric: while the second to my personal knowledge has made an entire change in the estimation in which some stations are held. Places which were regarded as "fever traps" are now not feared at all. Has allowance been made for these two discoveries?

During the last six years plague has spread through India. It has caused immense suffering, but it has rendered one good service, it has wiped out cholera. Plague and cholera cannot exist together, and where plague exists there is an end of cholera. Now plague hardly affects Europeans at all: while cholera is most deadly to them. Has allowance been made for this fact? I could write on, but abstain from doing so for fear of appearing tedious. But if I can succeed in drawing attention to a burden which presses hardly on a small but not undeserving section of the community, I feel that I shall not have written for nothing.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

INDIAN CIVILIAN.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN AND WOMEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Waterloo Bridge Road, London, S.E.,
10 June, 1903.

SIR,—I trust you will forgive my venturing to encroach on your valuable space with an appeal on behalf of one of the most deserving charities in London. The Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Bridge Road, S.E., is the oldest institution in London for the treatment of children's diseases, having been founded in 1816 by the Dukes of Kent and Sussex at St. Andrew's Hill, removed to its present premises in 1825, and the first surgical ward opened in 1851. The 54 beds and cots which have represented the accommodation of the hospital since 1875 have been for some time past inadequate to meet the demand made upon them, the patients having steadily increased during the past few years, and last year numbering 488. The old hospital has been demolished, and a new hospital of 200 beds is being erected on the old site, and on the site of adjoining houses in the Waterloo Bridge Road and Stamford Street, the freehold of which was acquired from the Duchy of Cornwall in 1881. The main portion of the new hospital of 200 beds, comprising the whole of the enlarged site fronting on Waterloo Bridge Road, and an out-patients' department is now being erected; and in the meanwhile the houses in Stamford Street have been adapted, and are in use as a temporary hospital. The architects of the new hospital are Messrs. Waring and Nicholson, of 38 Parliament Street S.W. The cost of the new buildings will exceed £50,000 and the annual upkeep about £10,000. The present assured income is about £2,000 per annum less than the expenditure of the old hospital. By its constitution no paying patients may be received into this hospital, and no applicant who is poor is ever turned away provided there is room, and the case a suitable one for treatment. An illuminated captive balloon, as a cheap, effective, and novel means of making known our great straits, is being established at the hospital. H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany has accepted the chairmanship of an influential ladies' committee consisting of the Countess of Derby, Countess of Airlie, Georgiana Countess of Dudley, Susan Countess of Malmesbury, the Lady Sinclair, the Lady Emma Talbot, Lady Durning-Lawrence, Lady Wigan, &c., &c. On behalf of the committee I earnestly appeal for liberal donations to the building fund, and for additional subscriptions to the general fund.

Yours faithfully,

J. HOUSTON, Secretary.

JAMAICAN TRADE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Among municipal schemes, the new docks and preparations for what may be almost a new town towards the mouth of the Avon strike me as of much more than local interest. Bristol has lately become the starting-point of a regular line of steamers to Jamaica and there is real hope that the Jamaican trade may develop to the great advantage of everyone. The trip to Jamaica and the fruits of Jamaica have greatly increased in popularity since the line was established. The Jamaican bananas are now brought over in wonderful condition and it has been found impossible to supply in full measure the wholesale orders. It is prophesied that a fruit more or less new to England, the naseberry, will rival the banana in popularity, and it is a little strange that the sweet potato has not been more widely approved. The riches of the island do not consist only in fruit and sugar. Underneath the lighter cargoes are now packed cargoes of valuable woods, dye woods, lignum vitæ and lance wood; and this variety of export it is hoped will regain prosperity for an island which has suffered severely from a too close adherence to one industry.

Yours, &c.,

AVON.

TRACKS FOR MOTORS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bute Docks, Cardiff, 12 June, 1903.

SIR,—Thursday's debate on motors in the House of Commons sets one thinking. The innovation of the motor cannot be said to be necessary. Our forefathers found steam engine tracks for those who did not want to use man or animal locomotion. If motorists will not otherwise travel than by their own motors but will make their own tracks there can of course be no objection. With all fraternal feeling towards motorists it will be found impossible to make restrictions effective which do not recognise the necessity of making separate tracks or separate times of occupation of the same tracks. Separate tracks may or may not be made, but if not the division of the same tracks at the same time is impossible because the common conditions of the motor and the motorist are in the engine a condition for speed and in the driver the love and fascination of speed. Speed is the *raison-d'être*. And the question is the same with the best and worst motorist—how far can he get away from harmless speed without offending regulations or police. In the lapses from the safe pace it is that death and injury result.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

FAIRPLAY.

PARLIAMENT AND THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 June, 1903.

SIR,—I have read with interest and appreciation your article on "Parliament and the Chantrey Bequest", and, after reading, cannot but agree with your conclusion that "the case against the trustees is quite unanswered"; but after the experience of the past, I am doubtful whether another Parliamentary inquiry would produce better results than the former abortive ones. A friend of mine used to say that the only commission which was of any use was a commission of one with power to act. Perhaps he was right. Is it, however, quite clear that the courts are powerless to compel the observance of the trusts? Has the opinion of counsel been taken? Even if the trustees rely upon the maxim of the old lady who kissed the cow, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, that is no reason why they should always look to the Royal Academy for their bad pictures, if they will have them. They may be more easily found there; but the excuse is a poor one. There is fortunately a growing public that knows the difference between a good and a bad picture; though I am told that there are still a few benighted people who believe that all the pictures hung in the Royal Academy are works of art, and the only contemporary ones; but as they are for the most part people who would exclude Whistler and Rodin, sky J. Maris and ignore Monticelli, M. Maris, Legros, Fantin-Latour and living Englishmen and Scotchmen whose names I need not mention, the trustees might safely take no heed of such critics without any sacrifice of artistic discernment.

I am, yours truly,

W. E.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS AND SHAKESPEARE'S LATIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I be allowed very briefly to answer the questions suggested by your editorial comment on my letter under the above title?

You say (1) "It is probable that Ben Jonson was at St. John's College, Cambridge". With great deference I maintain that there is a probability so strong as almost to amount to a certainty that he was not. Jonson told Drummond that he was "taken from school and put to a trade", and that the degree which he possessed at each University was "by their favour, not his study". It is incredible that a man like Jonson, if he had been a student at Cambridge, would have made no allusion

to the fact either to Drummond, or in his voluminous writings. It is true that Fuller says he was at S. John's, but Fuller (who was not born till nearly twenty years after Jonson left school) is a most untrustworthy authority. No, it was to Westminster not to either University that Jonson owed his learning.

"Camden! most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know."

(2) You say "We do not know what authority our correspondent has for saying that Shakespeare was removed early from school."

There is a consensus of authority on this point. Halliwell Phillipps says that "Shakespeare's defective classical education was really owing to his being removed from school long before the usual age, his father requiring his assistance in one of the branches of the Henley Street business. . . . John Shakespeare's circumstances had begun to decline in the year 1577, and in all probability he removed the future dramatist from school when the latter was about thirteen." Mr. Sidney Lee writes, "His father's financial difficulties grew steadily, and they caused his removal from school at an unusually early age. Probably in 1577, when he was thirteen, he was enlisted by his father in an effort to restore his decaying fortunes." Earlier authorities cited are, among others, Rowe, Aubrey, and John Dowdall.

(3) You suggest that it is not reasonable to suppose "that Shakespeare confined his classical reading to the period of his school life."

Of course where nothing is known everything may be assumed. But the dates suggest some difficulties. According to that excellent Shakespearian Mr. Fleay Shakespeare came to London in 1587. In 1588-89, according to Dr. Furnivall and others, "Love's Labour's Lost" was composed; "The Comedy of Errors" in 1589-1591; "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1590-1591; "Romeo and Juliet" in 1591-1593; and in 1593 "Venus and Adonis", "the first heir of my invention", was published. I think, therefore, we may assume that Shakespeare acquired most of his learning before he came to town. But is it probable that he studied classics after he left school while apprentice to his father at Stratford? I cannot think so, though want of space obliges me to confine my remarks to suggestion rather than argument.

Mr. Churton Collins maintains that the poet could read the Latin authors "with as much facility as a cultivated Englishman of our own time reads French." Think what this means! Many a "high classic" after years of study at school and college would give much to be able to read Seneca and Tacitus, Vergil and Lucretius with the ease which he finds in reading Daudet and Maupassant after but a few months of desultory learning. Making therefore all allowance for the possibilities of a stupendous genius I think it will be admitted that Shakespeare must have studied long and deeply if he had attained the proficiency in Latin which Mr. Collins claims for him. Moreover classical scholars are usually very fond of their books, and Shakespeare being a rich man, and a man of leisure after his retirement to Stratford (about 1611), would, surely, have had a library. It seems strange that his will, which mentions cups, and rings, and articles of furniture with great particularity, should be absolutely silent as to books! They are "conspicuous by their absence".

I am, yours &c.,

AN OLD SCHOLAR OF
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

[Fuller, who should have known, distinctly tells us that Ben Jonson was "statutably admitted into S. John's College". The fact that no note of his having been there is found arises according to Gifford from the fact that by some accident there is an omission of names in the University Register from June 1589 to June 1602. Both Malone and Gifford incline to the belief that Jonson was at S. John's College Cambridge. We repeat there is no authority at all for the fact that Shakespeare was removed prematurely from school. Neither Mr. Halliwell Phillipps nor Mr. Sidney Lee is or can be any authority upon the subject.—Ed. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

THE POET OF THE VISIBLE.

"The Odes of Horace." Edited by Stephen Gwynn. London: Blackie. 1902. 5s.

IT is pleasant to have the Odes by themselves, for they stand apart from everything else that Horace did, and of all classics are the most classical. They are the best example in literature of the peculiar quality that distinguishes a classical masterpiece from a modern. This quality is the crystallisation of common thought in a form which all immediately perceive to be final. It is simplicity incarnate in words; the genius of expression carried so far that amazement at the power of the individual writer is wholly lost in the feeling that here is work of a character ultimately typical. So perfect is the expression of Horace at his best that we cannot admire it except by a conscious effort of reflection. Like the beauty of nature it is so convincing that we take it for granted. It has taken mankind some thousands of years to realise that nature is beautiful, though the beauty has always been felt, if not consciously. The top and flower of classical art is just as difficult to realise because there is no hint that it might have been other than it is. That such works are the product of art at all is a thought which breaks our contemplation of them with a positive shock. In modern art what we look for and praise is originality, the utterance of a personal temperament. In such originality there is something feverish at the best. It implies the attempt by an individual to grasp the elusive complexity of life, to unify the whole of life in what we call his point of view. The splendour of such an attempt, and the pathos of the failure, are complementary elements in the poetry of modern art. The poetry of classical art, the originality of a classical writer, is different. Horace in his Odes does not set out to find the truth which underlies the chaos of things. His poetry is not (in our modern sense) a criticism of life. Nobody can be a real poet of the modern world unless he is always asking, in one way or other, What does life mean for me? Horace in the Odes is so little concerned with what life means for him that he does not even present it as an enigma. He does not even seem to be aware that to see things as they are is an effort. Of course there is a certain modernity on the surface. "Tu ne quaesieris"—take things as they are—is an attitude which implies distrust alike of philosophy and of superstition so far as they profess to supply what the heart needs. But this scepticism of his age sits very lightly on Horace. No doubt he did really feel that life was a problem. But in the Odes, for the most part, he ignores the problem. He brushes it aside apparently without a pang. Within the limits of his outlook his vision is perfect because it is absolutely normal. Mysticism he cannot abide. He is the poet of what is seen, the poet of the indisputable epithet. His best Odes are little pictures but they have nothing romantic unless by accident. The intangible, haunting phrase is not his line at all. The language of the best passages is never vague and never precious. By long pondering over what he sees Horace achieves a description of it which comes home to us at once and leaves us unconscious (for the time) of the long reflective labour that alone made possible such clear, natural, apparently fresh and immediate sight of things. Serenely he watches the surface of life, and catches its fleeting expression so faithfully that often without knowing it he gives us the inner truth. In this way his most fascinating work exemplifies the paradox of art. Intent upon what is concrete and external, determined to ignore the soul inside because it eludes him, he achieves so clearly cut and typical a portrait that for us who look on the portrait the soul is plainly discernible. Some of his Odes are a standing proof that art which can give what is outward and visible with adequate truth and selection leaves nothing more to be said about what is inward and spiritual. In motive Horace is the most unspiritual of great artists. He is wistful at times, with his "Postume, Postume", his

"Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor
Urget?"

but he has not the conscious wistfulness, the modern

intensity, of Catullus. Horace is often made out to be a commonplace person who had the adventitious gift of saying commonplace things supremely well. This is absurd. No such person could exist. Horace was a great poet because he was a great seer. He could say things well because he could see them well. His style is perfection, but he was not a stylist. Summoned phrases—*arcessita verba*—are not characteristic of his work. He was not concerned with the question what word would fit most delightfully into the context of other words, but with the questions, what thing would fit most aptly into the context of other things, and what words would most truly express those things. His sense of fitness, his power of adaptation in the literal sense of the word, was unique. Take his metres for example. He took them from the Greek, it is true, but he adapted them to the Latin with such mastery that the adaptation amounted to a creation. *Æsthetically* the effect of his Latin metres is utterly different from the effect of the corresponding metres in Greek. Many of his Odes were translated from the Greek. But the translations are in themselves poems. He may get the idea for a picture from somebody else. No doubt he usually did, for he was not the sort of man to worry in search of an idea when he could borrow one. But having borrowed the idea, he makes it his own. He sees the picture afresh for himself, feels it afresh, and just because it is real for him he can describe it in a manner that is supremely original, if the word original has any meaning at all. Given the space for quotation and comment, it could we think be absolutely proved that Horace was a supreme artist and not merely, as most of the critics would have it, a supreme painter of miniatures. He was not of course a prophet or anything of that kind. As we read him we never hear deep calling to deep. His world, his ideals, were neither deep nor wide. But he has been quoted for centuries, because he saw the world, as he knew it, with an unerring eye for what was salient.

Mr. Gwynn is a literary man and his notes in consequence are inspiring as well as accurate. He lights up the textual commentary by apt references to modern literature. There is a good summary of the intention of each Ode. The general introduction is brief and well written. Of the illustrations we think little, and the boys who use the volume will think less. These "illustrated" classics are a mistake. It is rarely clear what the illustrations are intended to illustrate, and for this reason we consider them pointless. Boys lack the archaeological sense, and consider them not only pointless but silly.

LUNATIC METEOROLOGY.

"Natural Law in Terrestrial Phenomena. A Study in the Causation of Earthquakes, Volcanic Eruptions, Wind-storms, Temperature, Rainfall with a Record of Evidence." By William Digby. London: Hutchinson. 1902. 6s. net.

WHEN a puzzling book is produced on a subject not easily to be understood by the general public the reader naturally seeks some information as to its author and publisher. The book before us is puzzling to a considerable degree, and few indeed who set themselves to the dreary task of reading it will be rewarded by a clear comprehension of its object or its arguments. Some internal evidence will indeed be forthcoming as to the author, who shows himself to have been an enthusiastic volunteer in fighting famines in India, for which he was duly decorated by a grateful Government. But the additional evidence supplied by an external source of information—that invaluable repertory of autobiographies "Who's Who"—is still more helpful, for there it is recorded that the recreation of Mr. Digby is dabbling in astronomy and meteorology, and the business of Mr. Digby is managing the firm of Wm. Hutchinson and Co. who publish his book. The study of the weather and the stars is a harmless and even laudable hobby, and many amateurs in both branches render services to science which collectively are enormous. So we might here expect a pleasant record of observations, and some thoughtful suggestions as to the causes of phenomena based on the meditation of years. Such a work would

have some interest as evidence of the bearing of scientific recreation upon general culture. It might even possess some value.

But going through the text of this book we find that the pleasant gossipy style and the florid imagery proper to an author whose associations are with the Orient alternate with quite another sort of writing, so dissimilar that no special acquaintance with methods of the higher criticism is necessary to prove a dual authorship. Looking more closely into the diverse parts of the book which we may term A and B we even find that the respective authors (C and D) do not always understand each other, and the suspicion arises that the proofs of C's part were sometimes passed for press by D and vice versa. The final result is sheer bewilderment.

Mr. Digby asserts that he has found a key to unlock all the mysteries of earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, storms and floods; that he holds a clue which will enable him, or at least his co-author, to predict precisely and without error all future disturbances of the kind. Yet he allows that his long study of Indian famines did not help him in the quest, beyond firing him with an ardent wish to find the clue—he found it suddenly one day, only a few months before the book was written, in the possession of the person whom we have called the co-author, though the title-page is almost the only one in the book on which his name does not occur.

By these authors it would appear that a scientific education is held the worst possible obstacle to the successful study of Nature; all men of science alike are seen by them joining in a vast conspiracy to conceal truth and perpetuate error. The caution of men, who have spent their lives in studying the problems which Mr. Digby first thought of six months ago, is plainly called by him a confession of ignorance and incompetence. If seismologists and meteorologists say that they do not know all about the subjects of their study, Mr. Digby points triumphantly to the assertions of his new friend as proof that all remaining to be known is now revealed. The views of many of the leading natural philosophers of the day are referred to, but these views are frequently taken not from their published works but from newspaper reports, sometimes even from newspaper interviews. Moreover only some British and American men of science are cited. There is not a word about the researches of such foreign authorities as von Bezold, Brückner, and Hann. There is not a word about modern researches in meteorology or seismology except the very minimum required to sweep the subject out of sight and leave the stage clear for the presentation of the new revelation. That anyone could write a volume on "natural law in terrestrial phenomena" without referring to thermodynamics or even to dynamics is almost incredible, yet the particularly full index comes no nearer these vital matters than "Thermopylæ" and "Dutch Indies"—and "Thermopylæ" is only a steamer that once encountered a big wave.

The great discovery which Mr. Digby declares is that the heat of the sun has comparatively little to do with weather, and the internal heat of the earth comparatively little to do with volcanoes or earthquakes; but that the tide-raising power of the moon, particularly when the latter acts at an angle of 45°, and especially when it is reinforced by the sun in a similar position, is the great disturber of the solid earth and of both fluid envelopes. Moreover when the sun and moon return to any position which they once occupied relatively to each other and to the earth every condition seismic, oceanic and atmospheric that existed on the former occasion is exactly repeated on the latter. The assertion inclines one to laugh, but the "proofs" almost make one cry. It is not enough that pressure per square foot is confounded, and that in the same sentence, with pressure per square inch; but the calculations contain such statements as the following, which seem to belong to a sphere where 2 and 2 only occasionally make 4:—

$$\begin{aligned} -16 + 2 + 4 &= 10; & -7 + 4 &= -03; & 9 + 9 &= 18; \\ & & -12 - 3 - 3 &= -18; \end{aligned}$$

we can only assume that these equations were passed

for press by someone to whom decimal points and positive and negative signs are matters of absolute indifference. We do not believe that anyone with a good general education could make head or tail of the innumerable diagrams and their explanations; and if Mr. Digby himself understands them, he does not succeed in demonstrating that fact to his readers.

This book is not only weak and futile; it is distinctly pernicious, for the appearance of learning conveyed by many pages of useless figures and unintelligible diagrams is likely to impose on unlearned readers, who are not in a position to discover that the titular author is merely the mouthpiece of another and a much astuter who has a very palpable axe to grind.

THE PORTENTOUS TRAVELLER.

"Across Coveted Lands." By A. H. Savage Landor. London: Macmillan. 1902. 30s. net.

MR. SAVAGE LANDOR has some qualifications for the rôle of a traveller whose journeys end in a publisher's office. He possesses a happy faculty for investing a tour of well-trodden lands with the interest usually reserved for original exploration. Further he has the knack of presenting the ordinary incidents of travel in any rough country with a vividness calculated to raise them to the level of high adventure. The result here is to place his experiences on a loftier plane than the difficulties of the countries traversed and the scientific value of his observations would at all justify.

On the present occasion Mr. Savage Landor has made a journey from Charing Cross to Calcutta, travelling overland through Persia and Baluchistan which are apparently the "coveted lands". The phrase can hardly be meant to include India because he announces, with the certainty of one who is in the secret, that "the Russian has no designs whatever upon India at present". There is much virtue in the last two words. Any contrary belief, comprehensively denounced as absolute nonsense, is traced to the Englishmen in India—that is to the class who are most interested and in the best position to judge. Germany is the real enemy and the remedy, according to Mr. Savage Landor, is to be found in a friendly combination with the Muscovite Codlin against the Teutonic Short. Apparently all we have to do is to allow Russia whatever she wants, including a strategic position on the Gulf, and trust to her well-known friendliness and generosity to make ample concessions in return. Incidentally we are to strengthen our position in India by adopting Russian methods, assuming the patriarchal style, the position of patriarch being of course reserved for ourselves, and avoiding education or progress on Western lines.

There is unfortunately too much truth in Mr. Savage Landor's condemnation of our policy—or want of a policy—in Persian affairs. Our diplomatic measures, irreverently described here as "constant howling and barking", contrast so deplorably with the firm and active methods steadily pursued by Russia that it is no longer a question of regaining lost ground. The superior enterprise of the Tsar's Government has already reduced English commerce and influence to a defensive position which the absence of a decisive and declared policy has hitherto rendered it daily more difficult to maintain. This failure cannot be explained by "our absolute ignorance of foreign countries" to which Mr. Savage Landor assigns it. Successive Ministers at Teheran have kept the Government fully informed of the actual state of affairs. Even Mr. Landor with his constant depreciation of his own countrymen recognises cordially the ability of our present agents in Persia. It is scarcely less erroneous to ascribe the loss of trade to a lack of enterprise and adaptiveness on the part of our traders and manufacturers. This book itself affords instances which demonstrate the contrary. But British subjects are left to contend not against rival merchants only but also against the organised influence of the Russian authorities, steadily directed to the exclusion

of all others from the Persian markets. A commercial occupation is to open the way to political suzerainty. Why, it may be asked, if their better methods and natural advantages secure for Russian traders the supremacy of the markets, should their Government find it necessary wherever they go to close the door against competition and direct its efforts to secure trade monopolies for its own subjects? Perhaps it is an unconscious recognition of this point as much as his devotion to Russia which leads Mr. Savage Landor to claim absolute impartiality for the present frontier arrangements. In this matter his views and statements are not to be implicitly accepted. No doubt the foreign Customs officers are by nationality Belgian and French; but it is a matter of notoriety that they are appointed in the interests of Russia. Witness the frank if indiscreet declaration "*nous sommes ici pour embêter les Anglais*". In similar fashion Mr. Savage Landor seeks to justify the vexatious quarantine by which Russia, under the pretext of plague protection, constrains Persia to harass travellers and merchants from India and sends her agents to see that it is done. While Mr. Savage Landor can find little but praise for Russians and their ways, his strictures on everything English seem to grow in severity as he gets nearer to India. The very excellence of the frontier officials only serves as a peg on which to hang some censure of the Government that selected them and put them there. "The petty rancour of the ordinary Anglo-Indian" with his "stupid officialdom" and his "look down on the native" ideas are strings on which he never tires of harping. His own consideration for native feeling by the way was shown by bathing in the drinking fountain of the caravanserai and polluting it with soapsuds. The captious and venal protests of the guardian gave a zest to the incident. Nothing can be more perversely wrong than English maps except perhaps the stupidity of those who read them. The worst offender is Sir T. Holdich. A patriotic sense of duty compels Mr. Savage Landor to accuse him of deliberately falsifying the Perso-Baluch boundary maps in order to conceal the blunders of his survey. This is a charge with which Sir T. Holdich may be left to deal, meanwhile it is likely that the public will trust Sir T. Holdich rather than Mr. Savage Landor and his anonymous informants. A glimpse of his own competency may be gained from his remarks on the name of the capital city of Sistán, which he sometimes confounds with the province. It does not appear that he has much acquaintance with the Persian language: he would do well to get some more competent philologist than a camel-driver or a table-servant to explain to him the difference between "*sher*" (a lion) and "*shahr*" (a city). It may also mitigate his ridicule of the English corruption of "*Sháلكوت*" into Quetta to know that *Shál* is the Brahui name of the place to which, on account of its fort, was added *kot* or *kotah*. In Afghan pronunciation the place came to be called "*Kwatta*" and that name has been commonly followed in the English nomenclature.

When Mr. Savage Landor confines himself to the narrative of his travels and observations he furnishes pleasant and occasionally instructive reading. The work might judiciously be lightened by the omission of statistical matter which is constantly interpolated of most of his personal opinions and of much that is a mere itinerary, valuable only in the exploration of new lands. He might thus reach Calcutta in one of these two substantial volumes. With half its bulk, the book would have twice its present interest and value.

THE SCHOLAR-BIRD OF PASSAGE.

"The Religions of Ancient Egypt and Babylonia." The Gifford Lectures in Aberdeen. By A. H. Sayce. Edinburgh: Clark. 1902. 8s. net.

IN the domain of scholarship it would almost seem as if a various reading should be introduced into the Logia of the Mount from some Egyptian papyrus yet to be discovered, and that we should translate it, "The weak shall inherit the earth". There is no doubt that

delicate health is a positive advantage, a totally unearned increment, to scholars. Darwin is the locus classicus. Would he have devoted so much attention to the Barrier Reef if he had not been consumed by seasickness all the time? It is at all events morally certain that but for his delicate health he would never have pored over the social habits of earth-worms as he did. Your robust man is rarely a student; the flesh is too strong in him and there is a lack of that morbid degeneration from normal health which, of course, is a condition of all true intellectual eminence. Take Professor Sayce for example. He has never, so far as we know, been seen in a scrum at "Rugger"; we never met him even at a meet; we may be wrong, but we fancy he has never driven a "gutter" over the Sphinx bunker. And why? Because he is the enviable possessor of delicate health, and accordingly at the time when we are dismally predicting the first fog of November he is comfortably installed in his delightful private dahabiyeh on the Nile, in which he will cruise to his heart's content—if indeed "cruising" is the right term for the slow ambiguousness of Egyptian voyaging—until returning Spring shall have laid bare the sandbanks of the Nile and warmed up Oxford for the delicious Summer term. Then Professor Sayce will be found in his pleasant rooms at Queen's College, dispensing hospitality and Assyriology with both hands—the envy and the delight of all his many friends. Such are the rewards of delicacy: a merely healthy man would have been slaving in the tutorial round, the common curse, all his life.

When scholars look askance, as they sometimes do, at the number of books Dr. Sayce has written,—most of them on the same limited range of subjects, though the subjects are big enough for one man's widest grasp,—they forget the leisure he enjoys. There he sits in the library of his boat, surrounded by every book of reference on his subjects that he can possibly want, with nothing whatever to do but write. There is no compulsion and not much inclination to do anything on a Nile voyage, but when you live on the Nile for half the year and have done so for something like a score of years you get over the strangeness and settle down to steady work. This enforced leisure in a perfect climate and congenial surroundings explains Professor Sayce's literary fertility. He is a born student and would work at his researches in a coal-mine, if needful; but on his dahabiyeh moored beneath some temple wall there is an accumulating premium on industry. The leisure of the life and the soothing atmosphere of the Nile account too for what is, next to his learning, his finest quality as a teacher. He is never in a hurry, and he has therefore time to look at his subject all round, find out the point of view from which his readers are likely to approach it, and adapt himself to his audience. Hence in spite of the abstruseness of his subject Professor Sayce is always perfectly lucid. He puts himself in your place, and makes everything as clear to you as thought and language can make it. No doubt the practice of writing again and again on the same subject tends to increased lucidity, but this by itself will not explain the limpid transparency and polished charm of his mode of exposition.

Of course he has made plenty of mistakes. Possessing the gift of seeing further into stone walls and incised bricks than most men, he is peculiarly prone to that last infirmity of scholars, bold guesswork. But he has been more often right than wrong, and a comparison of his latest book, the "Gifford Lectures on Egyptian and Babylonian Religions", with his Hibbert lectures of fourteen years before, will show that, while he is ready, as every scholar must be, to renounce past errors, the main lines of his former exposition remain much where they were. Every year brings some new light to bear upon the complex systems of religion which he describes, and it is Dr. Sayce's merit to be always—to say the least of it—abreast of the latest research. If he has a weakness (besides that which banishes him, O fortunate nimum! to his Nilotic exile), it is that of projecting himself beyond the front line of established fact. Yet the Gifford lectures open with a caution on the "precarious" character of all deductions from the imperfect and mutilated records we

possess of the ancient religions they describe. As he justly points out, the religious documents preserved on the monuments and in the sacred writings of Egypt are necessarily the work of exceptional men, and of only a few exceptional men, and he told his Aberdeen audience that "to reconstruct the religion of Egypt from the literary works of which a few fragments have come down to us would be like reconstructing the religion of this country in the last century from a few tattered pages of Hume or Burns, of Dugald Stewart or Sir Walter Scott"—yet one might do worse than follow Sir Walter. The literary monuments show us the highest spiritual conceptions of the intellectual Egyptian, not the ordinary belief of the vulgar. Very wise too is Dr. Sayce's caution to beware of finding, and equally of excluding, symbolism in our interpretation of early beliefs. It is very difficult to say how far metaphor and symbolism are original and how far secondary. "When the primitive Aryan gave the Being whom he worshipped the name of Dyaus, from a root which signifies 'to be bright', did he actually see in the bright firmament the divinity he adored, or was the title a metaphorical one expressive only of the fact that the power outside himself was bright and shining like the sun? The Babylonians pictured their gods in the image of man: did Babylonian religion accordingly begin with the worship of deified ancestors, or were the human figures mere symbols and images denoting that the highest conception man could form of his creator was that of a being like himself?" Professor Sayce altogether denies that modern savagery supplies the answer to this problem. It must first be proved that savages are not the result rather of degeneration than of arrested development. Nor does he see in folklore the clue to primitive religion: "folklore gives us the key to the mind of the child and of the childlike portion of society; it sheds no light on the beginnings either of religion or of civilisation, and to make it do so is to mistake a will-o'-the-wisp for a beacon-light". To which it may be replied that the anthropological theory assumes a condition of primitive man which resembles "the childlike portion of society" to which folklore is admitted to be the key.

Professor Sayce's object in these profoundly interesting lectures is not to present a detailed and systematic account of the Egyptian and Babylonian religions, such as would appeal only to specialists, but to discover as far as may be "what is the conception of the deity which underlay these manifold forms, and the relation in which man was believed to stand to the divine powers around". In short what did the civilised Egyptian or Babylonian mean by "god", and further was that meaning such as S. Paul referred to when he said that the older people sought after God "if haply they might feel after Him and find Him", or is there an impassable gulf between the religious ideas of Pagans and Christians? The lecturer however does not keep very strictly to his aim; for he gives us, in effect, an exceedingly complete and detailed survey of the religions he describes, and he hardly answers the main question of the "gulf" so fully as might be wished. That it was impassable between the "gross and grotesque" polytheism of Babylonia and the uncompromising monotheism of Israel is obvious enough; but whilst emphasising the difference in conceptions between the materialising symbolism of the Egyptian and the abstract ideas of the Christian, Professor Sayce holds that to the Egyptians, one of the few inventive races of mankind, "we owe the chief mould into which religious thought has since been thrown. The doctrines of emanation, of a trinity wherein one god manifests himself in three persons, of absolute thought as the underlying and permanent substance of all things, all go back to the priestly philosophers of Egypt. Gnosticism and Alexandrianism, the speculations of Christian metaphysic and the philosophy of Hegel, have their roots in the valley of the Nile". We should like to see these resemblances more precisely explained. That they exist is beyond controversy: the point is how far were they historically connected.

MILITARY BIOGRAPHIES.

- "Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., C.I.E. An Account of his Life Mainly in his own Words." Edited by G. R. Elsmie. London: Murray. 1903. 15s. net.
- "Journals of Field-Marshal Count von Blumenthal for 1866 and 1870-71." Edited by Count Albrecht von Blumenthal. Translated by Major A. D. Gillespie-Addison. London: Arnold. 1903. 12s. 6d. net.
- "Recollections of Forty Years' Service." By Major-General Sir Alexander Bruce Tulloch. London: Blackwood. 1903. 15s. net.
- "The History of Lumsden's Horse." Edited by Henry H. S. Pearse. London: Longmans. 1903. 21s. net.
- "The Story of General Bacon: Being a Short Biography of a Peninsula and Waterloo Veteran." By Alnod J. Boger. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

THE brilliant services of Sir Donald Stewart in the Afghan war are to this day hardly known to the general public. In the dead of winter and through a comparative desert, Stewart in less than six weeks marched his force of 14,000 men and 7,000 camels a distance of 400 miles from Mooltan to Candahar. This splendid achievement, although it obtained due credit from educated military opinion in Prussia, passed unnoticed in England owing to chronic ignorance of military matters. A year later he made an even more daring—it would be impossible to say, a more successful—advance when with orders from the Government he marched from Candahar to Cabul—through a country untraversed by British troops since 1842. Near Ghazni, he encountered the Afghans, some 12,000 to 15,000 strong and completely defeated them at Ahmed Khel. The single-mindedness and total absence of all jealousy in Stewart's career never came out so strongly as when he was about to entrust Roberts with the flower of his force to make the return march to Candahar whilst he, with the remainder, undertook the more onerous but thankless task of withdrawing the British forces from Cabul to India. In all his private letters of this time he makes repeated references to this. "This is a grand thing for Bobs. If there is any fighting he can't help being successful and his success must bring him great credit . . . his troops are really the pick of the army. . . . It is only fair to give him the best of everything. . . . I don't think he will have any opposition till he gets to Candahar . . ." That he succeeded in his magnanimous object is but too well known and it is pitiful to have to record that, whereas all the world's attention was riveted on Roberts' march from Cabul to Candahar owing to the recent defeat sustained by the British arms at Maiwand, when Stewart made his pioneer march in the face of extraordinary difficulties and won the battle of Ahmed Khel, the British public never noticed it because they were engrossed with a General Election. When subsequently those who knew the truth of the tale began to murmur at the injustice done to Stewart he was sorely vexed and wrote:—"I am very disgusted to find that people continue to compare Bobs and myself. I know it must vex him and it certainly vexes me."

Von Blumenthal successively occupied the high position of Chief of the Staff to the armies commanded by the Crown Prince of Prussia in the campaigns of 1866 and 1870. His diaries contain entries of great variety, recording at one time his sharp differences with the great Moltke and the overbearing Bismarck and perhaps, on the next page, his more personal ones with his own digestion which seems to have been a more constant source of trouble to him than the enemy. In reading the book it is impossible not to realise that here is a man possessed in the very highest degree of the military virtues of level-headedness, decision, absolute indifference to external clamour or high-placed influence where matters military are concerned, and lastly imbued with a profound grasp of the fact that "war is war" and that it is as contemptible as it is suicidal to play to the gallery in conducting great operations. Especially is he bitter at the composition of the King of Prussia's entourage in the campaign of Sadowa:—"Headquarters was to me a not impressive experience. A crowd of long-faced loafers is always an

odious sight especially when they greet one in a sort of condescending manner, fancying themselves omniscient and apportioning blame freely, in some cases either not knowing or not understanding". After the capitulation of Paris he notes with exultation the departure of Bismarck and "likewise the foreign princes (of the second rank) and many officers of the staff ('sleeping members') who could be dispensed with—the working staff must remain to labour and to clean up: and that is always my fate!" Apparently the situation at headquarters in South Africa with its helpless crowd of field coronets was not without excellent military precedent.

"Recollections of Forty Years' Service" is an alarming title, but those interested in the way things are done or left undone in our Army will derive no little information and some amusement from reading it. When after the Franco-German War an effort was made to improve the military education of our officers, Captain Tulloch was appointed a Garrison Instructor. The absolutely appalling ignorance of the officers led him to the conclusion that their time had been entirely wasted at school and that their only acquirements had been a smattering of Greek and Latin. Vulgar and decimal fractions and even the simple rule of three were unknown to the majority—"whilst the officer who could write a concise report, especially in a legible hand, was a rara avis. More willing pupils it was impossible to wish for". It required a big committee nearly thirty years afterwards to drive these facts into the head of the British public. It is somewhat disquieting to recall the fact that many of the officers of our Army now at the top of the tree come from this peculiarly promising vintage of the "early seventies".

The story of the raising of Lumsden's Horse forms a landmark in Indian History, since it places on record for all time that when the self-governing colonies rallied to the aid of England in 1899-1900, India, despite peculiar local difficulties inherent in the conditions of life which prevail there, also sent a valuable contingent. Like all other "war books", it incidentally sheds interesting lights on some of the less intelligible incidents of the campaign. Take for instance the investment of Colonel Hore's small force on the Eland's River and the alleged neglect of Baden-Powell to lend him a hand to effect the relief; we learn that when Lumsden's Horse joined Baden-Powell they "found the great man seated on a rock surrounded by his Staff, and sketching hard with both hands"! Small wonder that stories were about that he had none to spare for Hore.

Mr. Alnod J. Boger (as he writes himself on the title-page of his book) describes the career of his maternal grandfather, "General" Bacon, who joined the 16th Light Dragoons in the Peninsula shortly after Vittoria and served with them until the termination of the war. In 1815 he was gazetted to the 10th Hussars and at Waterloo was severely wounded in the attempt to break the square of the French Guard towards the close of the day. Seventeen years later he fought with distinction in Portugal on the side of Don Pedro and in consequence of his services as a leader of Lancers was promoted by that Prince to the rank of Brigadier-General.

NOVELS.

"All on the Irish Shore: Irish Sketches." By E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross. London: Longmans. 1903. 6s.

"The Experiences of an Irish R. M." are so well known that it is unnecessary to say much in praise of a similar book from its authors. The present volume is instinct with the same high spirits, and with the curiously minute knowledge of Irish rural life that never allows comedy to degenerate into caricature. Once or twice perhaps there is some slight want of freshness: heroically absurd phrases are pressed a second time into use. But the humour is abundant and unforced. Miss Somerville and "Martin Ross" incidentally have what used to be called a Message of their own, and the burden of that Message is that the horse is the most important figure in the country life of Ireland. This is fundamentally true,

but both the politicians and the Gaelic Revivalists have tacitly conspired to conceal the fact. Now the cult of the horse may be an exact science, or a matter of legitimate business or of sharp practice, and in Ireland as in England it is a good deal of all three. But the horse is, as a rule, somewhat lacking in humour himself, and we venture to think that it is only on the other side of S. George's Channel that there arise in connexion with the noble animal those delicious situations to which our authors do justice. One of the few horseless chapters (it contains a sheep and a dog) is an inimitable reproduction of a scene at Petty Sessions in Donegal, and ends with a comment that deserves emphasis: "How can they" (tourists) "be expected to realise that a man who is decorous in family and village life, indisputably God-fearing, kind to the poor, and reasonably honest, will enmesh himself in a tissue of sworn lies before his fellows for the sake of half-a-sovereign and a family feud, and that his fellows will think none the worse of him for it? These things lie somewhere near the heart of the Irish problem." *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*

"Wolfville Days." By A. H. Lewis. London: Isbister. 1903. 3s. 6d.

"Wolfville." By A. H. Lewis. London: Isbister. 1903. 6s.

With a flourish which is not without justification, a new American humorist is here introduced to English readers. "Wolfville" was published in America six years ago but has only reached England now with its younger brother "Wolfville Days". The scenes Mr. Lewis pictures are those of the mining camp and the cattle ranch. He draws his characters from the rough, vigorous manhood that the wild life of the West created; their language bristles with strange metaphors suggested by their surroundings. The gaming table, the lasso, the saloon bar and the revolver supply their dialect with figurative expressions lending quaintness and force to the dialogue and tempered for English ears by the addition of a glossary. It is often hard to say in works of this class whether the humour which raises a laugh lies in the situation or the idea or merely in the turn of speech which presents to the mind a contrast that is ludicrous from its very inappropriateness or unfamiliarity. Much of this peculiar humour of the backwoods derives its force from the matter-of-fact or jocular description of events which in another environment would demand the most serious treatment. Though these pages fairly reek with the language of the camp yet Mr. Lewis is not merely an artist in dialect. A strain of genuine humour runs through his stories, pointed no doubt by the quaint idioms but going straight to the mark with the shrewdness and sagacity of true insight. Though the material is remarkably fresh and original, Mr. Lewis provokes comparison with Bret Harte and suffers for it. We miss the graceful touch, the delicate sentiment that redeems the roughness and debauchery of a reckless community. In particular his women lack the tenderness and instinctive delicacy that even a life of shame does not quench in the creations of the master to whom Mr. Lewis must be counted as a disciple.

"The Wizard's Aunt." By Janet Laing. London: Dent. 1903. 4s. 6d. net.

This story is full of faults, but it has promise of better things. There are too many characters: the author herself owns to four heroines. It would take a column to give an adequate sketch of the plot, which is extremely involved and, it must be added, obscure. But there is a good deal to set against these shortcomings. In the first place the book is redolent of youth, high spirits and irresponsibility. At least one of the heroines, Ann Armitage, a budding musical genius and composer of "The Wizard's Aunt", an opera, is in most respects a charming figure; though in her next story we hope Miss Laing will not allow her heroine to use such very strong language in writing to a man who has offended her as is permitted to flow from Ann's pen on page 283. Again, the sketches of life in a German town are excellent, as anyone will admit who has spent a summer month in Dresden or Munich. The atmosphere of music, coffee, sunshine and beer-gardens is reproduced to a nicety. In this

volume the writer has sown her literary wild-oats: in her next we shall look for a harvest of more substantial grain.

"Captain Kettle K.C.B." By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. London: Pearson. 1903. 6s.

There is an old proverb which declares that the willing horse is in danger of being worked to death, and assuredly the ideas of some of our story-writers have that likeness to the willing horse. Captain Kettle, the "torpedo"-bearded little man, ever truculent and ever resourceful, has thanks to the persistence of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne and the ingenuity of Mr. Stanley Wood become familiar to many people. Four volumes at least have now been devoted to the striking little seaman, and those fiction readers who have not been surfeited by the three earlier courses will no doubt fall to on this fourth with lively appetite. In a literary famine we might relish such fare but there is plenty in the land and our taste does not run to this kind of thing. Mr. Hyne shows some ingenuity in devising adventures for his hero and of course always brings him through the narrowest escapes by sheer effrontery and courage and good luck, but the whole thing strikes us as mechanical.

"The Poet's Child." By Emma Brooke. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

Reading this story we cannot help wondering whether Miss Brooke had in mind a certain recent cause célèbre. Anyway she introduces us to a lady who a month after the death of her husband, Lord Wyncspear of Wandisforth, marries a "poet"; a few months later a son is born and the lady allows it to be believed that he is "the poet's child"; later on comes another son, a cripple, who really has that honour. Hence come difficulties, villainies and heroisms innumerable, set forth in one of the strangest styles we have lately noticed. Competition lovers might be set to work to discover the exact meaning of the second paragraph on the first page of "The Poet's Child". Miss Brooke is fond of such redundancy of language as "quick-moving alert eyes", and describes a lighthouse as "a tower of luminous warning"; the reading of her latest story may be recommended to those in search of a new trial of patience.

"Connie Burt." By Guy Boothby. London: Ward, Lock. 1903. 5s.

Mr. Boothby writes too much and too fast. He has ideas, which he is incapable of expressing, and an imagination, which he dilutes excessively. This book exemplifies all his faults: the major part of it is hopelessly irrelevant, the characters are mummies, the keynote is cheap and tawdry, but we go on reading. It is characteristic that the eponymous heroine (who is anything but an heroine) should only fill a few pages and die at the outset of the plot, but her murder is the pivot of the story. The hero is an improbable baronet, who fails to face the music when he should. In real life he would have been hanged; here he is saved by a far-fetched *deus ex machina* and has many heroic children. The book may be summed up as a pot-boiler without excuse or merits.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"My Relations with Carlyle." By James Anthony Froude. London: Longmans. 1903. 2s. net.

What the kind of people, who are smirking and tittering over this controversy, as excited as the male birds of a gathering of jays in the mating season, care for is not Froude's relations with Carlyle, but the relations between Carlyle and his wife. What they itch for is the spice of the thing. Froude's explanation of why he undertook the writing of the life of Carlyle will probably be largely skipped. Who really cares at this time of day to know whether it was a profitable and pleasant task to Froude or not. Miss Geraldine Jewsbury's secret is the thing, the plum. Carlyle was "one of those people who ought not to have married"—this is the way in which the modest soul divulged to Froude the secret which Mrs. Carlyle told her. How inexpressibly painful the telling of the secret must have been to Miss Jewsbury, to a man too and one in no wise related to herself! Nothing but a profound sense of duty could have wrung from her the secret. For is it not absolutely necessary that all the world should learn this fact, so that it can form a just estimate of Carlyle and know

once and for all the rights and wrongs of the Cheyne Row affair? Let us all praise Miss Jewsbury for her heroism in unveiling the truth, pure womanly, ablush from head to foot we doubt not, as she did so; Mr. Ashley A. Froude and Miss Margaret Froude too, who in bringing out this book have discharged the most painful duty of their lives, have a high claim on all men's and women's admiration. How much happier they must feel now the intolerable weight is off their minds, and how much richer and better the world that the truth has been told!

"The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt." 2 vols. London: Constable. 1903. 21s. net.

This reprint is edited by Mr. Roger Ingpen. It contains a good deal of introductory matter, including the editor's preface, the Thornton Hunt introduction of 1859, and the author's original preface. But its feature is the series of portraits of Hunt at various ages and of some of his friends. Several of these are very good indeed, notably that of Keats from the beautiful drawing of Severn—a head only, the even more famous full-length portrait of the poet reading is not here reproduced. The book is well printed, and contains a full bibliography. The fragment, "an attempt of the author to estimate his own character", has been several times reprinted of late years. It is a pity perhaps that it was ever discovered. Mawkish introspection could no further go.

"Arthur James Balfour: the Man and his Work." By Bertrand Alderson. London: Grant Richards. 1903. 10s. 6d.

Would it not have been practicable to describe this as an authoritative life of the Prime Minister? It is quite big and important enough in appearance, and the author happens to bear a name which we associate with a branch of the family. Nothing else is wanted to complete the satisfaction of anybody who hankers after three or four hundred pages packed with obsequious adulation. The pictures are wonderful. There is one of Mr. Balfour's private study and music room another showing his pet desk. Practically all the Cabinet Councils since 1856 have been held in this room, which, the author tells us, "has double doors, double windows, and double locks". Unfortunately it is not much use double locking the doors, if Cabinet Ministers directly they retire from office give away all the secrets in their speeches of self-justification in the House of Commons. We also have Mr. Balfour at the tee, and Mr. Balfour on the platform. The latter is not altogether fortunate. It represents one or two persons on the platform with him craning their necks that they may be included in the photograph. Mr. Balfour is represented open mouthed, and the effect is unhappy. It is not in Mr. Alderson's heart to deny any distinction, any good quality, any charm to Mr. Balfour. He clearly has doubt whether Mr. Balfour, as some have said, is sprung from "King Robert Bruce"—Mr. Alderson is careful to insert the "King"—but he gives Mr. Balfour the benefit of the doubt. "Possibly England's Premier unconsciously has royal blood coursing through his veins." At Eton Mr. Balfour was Lord Lansdowne's fag, "and it is said he carried out his duties with the utmost credit"; and Mr. Alderson goes on profoundly to remark that "little did his Lordship think that one day his courteous fag would become his courteous chief". "A cautious and prescient diplomatist, a staunch Imperialist a progressive administrator", &c., &c.—are we wrong in picturing Mr. Alderson "waiting" on Mr. Balfour and offering him the first bound copy of this book on bent knee and with bowed head? That is the way, surely, it ought to have been done.

"The Temple." By George Herbert. With Introductory Essay by J. Henry Shorthouse. London: Unwin. 1903. 3s. 6d.

This, the very tasteful facsimile reprint of the first (1633) edition of "The Temple" is actually the sixth impression. We have only praise for it. The introduction is exquisite. But where are the readers of Herbert? It is by no means every day that one meets them in this country. Herbert's poems, however, have always been famous for the largeness of their sales. The book "went" from the first. We suspect that most of the copies of the first and second editions are now in American libraries.

"An Ivory Trader in North Kenya." By A. Arkell-Hardwick. London: Longmans. 1903. 12s. 6d. net.

The fascination of African travel is over Mr. Arkell-Hardwick's book, and the apology he makes for giving it to the world was wholly unnecessary. It is the record of an expedition through Kikuyu to Galla-Land in East Equatorial Africa, with an account of the Rendili and Bürkenjeji tribes. Mr. Hardwick is a sportsman and an explorer, and it would be difficult to say whether he finds the tracking of big game or the pursuit of a river's course more alluring. He and his friends, native and English, had plenty of adventure, and the book would be readable if it contained nothing more than its accounts of narrow escapes and of the peoples through whose country he passed. But it has a geographical value. Mr. Hardwick was attracted by the mystery attending the river Waso Nyiro, which is supposed to rise in the Aberdare Range but which he believes

risks in the western slopes of Kenia Mountain. The river does not empty itself into the sea but ends in a swamp known as Lorian, which was fixed by Mr. Chanler in 1893. When Mr. Hardwick reached the spot not a sign of the swamp was to be seen. "Lorian had vanished!" He could only suppose that after a long drought the swamp had receded to the eastward of the point at which Mr. Chanler located it or had disappeared altogether, possibly to return when a long spell of wet should swell the Waso Nyiro.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Juin. 3f.

We find the most striking paper in a not very remarkable number contributed by the editor M. Brunetière in the form of a review of a work by M. Novikow, a Russian, who predicts that French will ultimately be the language of the world. Those who are acquainted with M. Brunetière's views will not be surprised to learn that he is not prepared to welcome the fulfilment of such a prophecy unless it involves the absorption of French ideas by all the races, who the enthusiastic Russian anticipates, will become French speaking. He points out that France can never overcome the numerical superiority of Anglo-Saxons or match the geographical position of Great Britain which has become the centre of the civilised world. M. Novikow calls a "barbarous past" what M. Brunetière looks back upon as the glorious ages of France nor does the latter glory in the fact that the culinary art and the dance must borrow their phrases under all skies from the French, nor again does he feel rejoiced because Paris will always remain the city whither the rest of the world turns for amusement. The United States, he says, can only claim to be "Anglo-Saxon" so long as the real centre of the Anglo-Saxon mind continues strong and dominant, that is so long as England remains the seat of a great empire. This seems to us a singularly true and profound appreciation which all worshippers of mere wealth and bigness will do well to ponder. France, too, gains nothing by the mere extension of her language so long as all ideas of freedom and justice are scouted there as at present.

THEOLOGY AND LEGEND.

"The Death of Christ; its Place and Interpretation in the New Testament." By J. Denney. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1902. 6s.

It may seem strange that a divine should devote a book to proving that the sacrifice of the death of Christ and the benefits we receive thereby were integral parts of Christian theology from the first—were in the mind of the Saviour and the thoughts of His disciples. A Christianity without the Cross is certainly an astonishing idea; and we can hardly eliminate the Passion and the Atonement from Christ's teaching without rejecting as spurious a large part of His utterances. But that is just what a good many modern critics do. They would have us believe that He commenced His work of religious reformation with no expectations save of a successful career; that as time went on and the horizon darkened He began to feel Himself, and to hint to His disciples, the possibility of failure and perhaps even of a martyr's death; that after the belief in the resurrection had—somehow—obtained a hold among the disciples, that death had to be explained and justified; that then convenient passages from the Old Testament were found to give it a meaning (certainly they fitted to a marvel), and to show that it had all along been taught that Jehovah's chosen servant should die, and by His death atone for the sins of the whole world, and that consequently Christ's death was a fulfilment of prophecy; and that finally to put the whole matter beyond a doubt the evangelists boldly inserted the missing link in their Gospels and made Jesus foretell His own death and its atoning power. That is a thorough-going theory; and to us it appears not simply plausible but necessary, if we are to explain the rise of Christian doctrine over a Saviour who was but a human teacher, and from whose life the miraculous—with the exception of some cases of "faith healing"—was absent. But it has one serious objection; it demands ruthless excision of all the passages in the record which do not agree with it; Marcion's Gospel was a trifle in the way of mutilation. It remains to be seen whether the Gospels will bear such treatment, whether in rooting up the tares we do not root up the wheat also; and Dr. Denney has done good service in demonstrating that the Passion and the Atonement belong to the very pith and marrow of the Gospel story. He takes the Gospels, Pauline epistles, and Johannine writings in turn and considers the position which the death of Christ assumes in all of them, and in his last chapter discusses its importance in the scheme of theology. It is a useful contribution on a most important subject.

"The Spirit and Origin of Christian Monasticism." By J. O. Hannay. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

Mr. Hannay was fortunate in choosing his subject for the Donellan Lectures last year; he has produced a book which for interest and for work in an untried field almost deserves to be ranked with Mr. Inge's Bampton Lectures on Christian Mysticism. For most of us know very little about early monasticism; Kingsley's "Hypatia" and a few stories about

(Continued on page 756.)

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the more extravagant ascetics, such as S. Simeon Stylites, are the data on which we ground a general condemnation of the Egyptian monks and hermits; or if we have gone further, we have gathered from Mr. Lecky's pages, that they spent or wasted their time mainly in morbid struggles against temptations to which it would have been wiser to succumb. Mr. Hannay gives us an extremely good account of the growth of the ascetic tendency in the Church; we think he somewhat overstates the Apostolic sanction of it; it was the "weak brother" with S. Paul who observed days and would eat only herbs, and the same apostle roundly condemned the teachers who forbade to marry, commanded to abstain from meats, or said "touch not, taste not, handle not". But we are sure he is right in representing the monastic life that grew up so early in Egypt and elsewhere as due not to foreign influence on Christianity, but to a single-hearted though perhaps mistaken attempt to imitate the life of Christ as closely as possible. Renan in his "Marc Aurèle" takes the same view; "le couvent est l'Eglise parfaite; le moine est le chrétien". Mr. Hannay's chapters on the Egyptian monks and hermits are the best in the book; he shows not only sound erudition and friendly criticism but also a delicate appreciation of what is beautiful; and there is much that is beautiful in the stories of these saints. Eastern monasticism after its early stages ceased to be interesting, and even Western monasticism never had quite the same romantic tinge about it as Egyptian; still the Benedictine rule was very grand, and in nothing grander than in the simplicity with which it bade its followers attempt no great thing but simply follow Christ; they sought first the Kingdom of God and its righteousness, and so all these things were added unto them.

"Lives and Legends of the great Hermits and Fathers of the Church, with other contemporary Saints." By Mrs. Arthur Bell. London: George Bell and Sons. 1902. 14s. net.

Years ago Mrs. Jameson produced her delightful volumes on the Legends of the Madonna and of the Monastic Orders; and Mrs. Bell is following in her footsteps. She has compiled a series of biographies and legends of Christian saints, with a description of the most famous works of art in which they appear, and numerous illustrations of the same. Photography allows us to have more of these for our money than engraving, but "processes" vary in their effects; the Donatello "S. George" which forms the frontispiece is a superb reproduction, but the other illustrations tend to look like engravings from worn-out plates. For the letterpress, Mrs. Bell has got up her subjects with some care, though Gibbon appears to be the main authority for the historic part; and she is not gifted with the pleasant conversational style which made Mrs. Jameson's books so charming, and produced the impression that she was taking us into her confidence. It is a pity too that Mrs. Bell did not submit her proof-sheets to some scholarly friend before they were printed off; then we might have been spared Gregory of Nyassa, Gregory Nazianzus (he is once called Gregory Nazianzene on the authority of Professor Bury!), Sidonis Apollinarius, Eustochia, and Augusta Trevorum (which is elsewhere called Triers as well as Treves); nor would Cyril of Alexandria have been made to call the Blessed Virgin Θεοτοκος (without an accent).

"Christ Lore: being the legends, traditions, myths, symbols, customs and superstitions of the Christian Church." By F. W. Hackwood. London: Elliot Stock. 1902.

Mrs. Jameson's works have also proved potent factors in the production of Mr. Hackwood's book; he quotes her frequently. But whereas Mrs. Bell is concerned with Saint-lore from the point of view of its influence on art, Mr. Hackwood has collected, and told us very pleasantly, all the legends he can find about the New Testament characters; he has been especially fortunate in telling of the flowers and trees, birds and animals who have been connected in popular superstition with the Saviour. His pages are a mine of beautiful legends; for surely none are more lovely than those which have gathered round the Gospel story. Yet his work might have been made much more complete, had he read more extensively and used better and newer works of reference. Tradition has supplied more names to the Gospel characters than he is aware of; the rich man in the parable was called both Nineve and Phinehas; the two thieves were called Zoatham and Chammatha or Maggattras, besides the names he gives on p. 128; Pilate's wife was called Procla. The lately discovered Gospel of Peter would have given him details as to the Resurrection and also the darkness at the Crucifixion; it was so dark that many of the Jews went about with candles, thinking the night had come; and the gruesome account by Papias of Judas' end should not have been omitted; Judas' body swelled to such a size that he was unable to avoid a wagon which met him in a narrow place and crushed him. We note that on p. 173 Mr. Hackwood states that S. Thomas' girdle is preserved in the cathedral of Pistoia, while on p. 39 he says it is at Prato; the latter is correct. We also note that there is no index to the book.

For This Week's Books see page 758.

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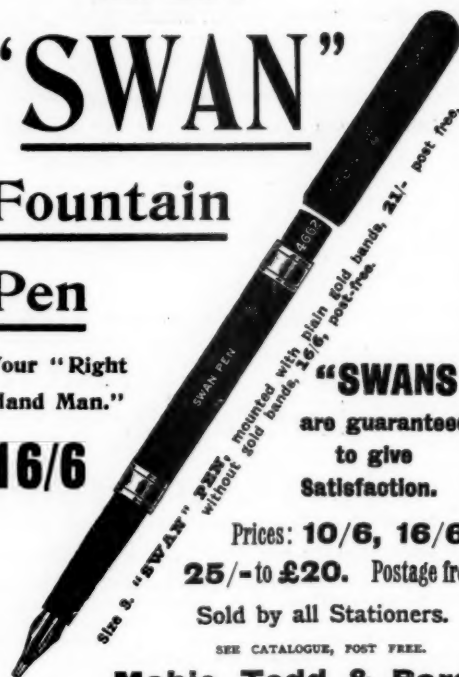
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SYDNEY HOLLAND,
Chairman.

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NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1836.

LONDON: 1 MOORGATE STREET. ABERDEEN: 1 UNION TERRACE.

Accumulated Funds, £6,227,000.

The SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Company was held within their house at Aberdeen on Friday, the 12th June, 1903, when the Directors' Report was presented.

The following is a summary of the report referred to:—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The PREMIUMS received last year amounted to £960,366, showing an increase of £107,438, in comparison with those of the previous year.

The LOSSES amounted to £470,336, or 49.0 per cent. of the premiums.

The EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT (including commission to agents and charges of every kind) came to £309,604, or 32.2 per cent. of the premiums.

After reserving 40 per cent. of the premiums to cover liabilities under current policies, a profit was earned of £137,450.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

ASSURANCE BRANCHES.—During the year 1,051 Policies were issued for new assurances, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of £352,217. These new assurances yielded annual premiums amounting to £13,704, and single premiums amounting to £74.

The TOTAL INCOME of the year (including interest) was £393,950.

The CLAIMS amounted to £269,266.

The EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT (including commission) were limited, in the Life Accounts to 10 per cent., and in the Endowment Account to 5 per cent. of the premiums received.

ANNUITY BRANCH.—The sum of £67,627 was received for annuities granted during the year.

The whole FUNDS of the Life Department now amount to £4,109,816.

The report having been unanimously adopted, it was resolved that the total amount to be distributed amongst the shareholders for the year 1902 be £90,000 (being dividend of £2 10s. per share, and bonus of 10s. per share), in addition to £6 000, the instalment of 4s. per share now due of the Shareholders' Life Bonus 9 of 5.

LONDON BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Colonel Robert Baring, Esq. Wm. Egerton Hubbard, Esq.
H. Cosmo O. Bonsor, Esq. Ferdinand M. Huth, Esq.
Ernest Chaplin, Esq. Henry James Lubbock, Esq.
Alex. Heun Goschen, Esq. Charles James Lucas, Esq.
Henry Charles Hambro, Esq. Rt. Hon. Sir Algernon West, G.C.B.

SECRETARY.—H. E. Wilson.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY.—H. Gayford.

FIRE DEPARTMENT { W. Mannering, Home Superintendent.
Jos. Fowler, Foreign Superintendent.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.—H. Foot, Actuary.

GENERAL MANAGER OF THE COMPANY.—H. E. Wilson.

Copies of the report, with the whole accounts of the Company for the year 1902, may be obtained from any of the Company's offices or agencies.

INDIA £3 PER CENT. STOCK.

Not Redeemable before 5th October, 1948.

Trustees are empowered to invest in this Stock, unless expressly forbidden by the Instrument creating the Trust. (See the Trustee Act, 1893.)

ISSUE OF £1,500,000;

which will be consolidated with the existing India £3 per Cent. Stock.

Minimum Price of Issue, £97 per Cent.

The GOVERNOR and COMPANY of the BANK of ENGLAND give notice that they are authorized to receive tenders for this Loan.

This Issue is made partly under the provisions of the East India Loan Act, 1893, and previous Acts, towards the discharge in 1903-4 of £1,000,000 India Sterling Bills; and partly under the provisions of 1 Edw. VII., ch. 25, for the discharge of £600,000 Debentures of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Company, falling due in 1903.

This Stock will bear interest at the rate of £3 per cent. per annum, payable quarterly at the Bank of England, on the 5th January, the 5th April, the 5th July, and the 5th October in each year, the first Dividend (a full quarter's Dividend) being payable on the 5th October next; and will be consolidated with the India £3 per Cent. Stock now existing, which is not redeemable until the 5th October, 1948, but will be redeemable at par on or after that day, upon one year's previous notice having been given in *The London Gazette* by the Secretary of State for India in Council.

The books of the stock are kept at the Bank of England, and at the Bank of Ireland, where all assignments and transfers are made. All transfers and stock certificates are free of stamp duty.

Tenders must be delivered at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, before Two o'clock on Wednesday, the 17th June, 1903, and a deposit of £5 per cent. on the nominal amount of the stock tendered for must be paid at the time of the delivery of the tender. The deposit must not be enclosed in the tender.

Tenders may be for the whole or any part of the stock in multiples of £100. Each tender must state what amount of money will be given for every £100 of stock; and the amount of stock applied for must be written on the outside of the tender. Tenders at different prices must be on separate forms. The minimum price, below which no tender will be accepted, has been fixed at £97 for every £100 of stock. All tenders must be at prices which are multiples of sixpence.

In the event of the receipt of tenders, at or above the minimum price, for a larger amount of stock than that proposed to be issued, the tenders at the lowest price accepted will be subject to a *pro rata* diminution.

Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned, and in the case of partial allotment the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the first instalment. Should there be a surplus after making that payment, such surplus will be refunded by cheque.

The dates on which the further payments will be required are as follows:—

On Thursday, the 9th July, 1903, { so much as, when added to the deposit, will leave seventy pounds (sterling) to be paid for each hundred pounds of stock.

On Thursday, the 13th August, 1903, £25 per cent.

On Monday, the 14th September, 1903, £25 per cent.

On Thursday, the 15th October, 1903, £20 per cent.

The Instalments may be paid in full on, or after, the 9th July, 1903, under discount at the rate of £3 per cent. per annum.

In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its proper date, the deposit and the instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Scrip Certificates to bearer, with Coupon attached for the dividend payable on the 5th October, 1903, will be issued in exchange for the provisional receipts.

As soon as these Scrip Certificates to bearer have been paid in full, they can be inscribed (in other words, can be converted into Stock); or, they can be exchanged for Stock Certificates to bearer in denominations of £100, £50, and £1,000, without payment of any fee, provided such exchange is effected not later than the 1st December, 1903.

Stock Certificates to bearer will have quarterly Coupons attached. Stock may be converted into Stock Certificates to bearer, and Stock Certificates may be converted into Stock, at any time, on payment of the usual fees.

Tenders must be on printed forms, which may be obtained at the Bank of England, or at any of its Branches; at the Bank of Ireland; or of Mr. Willie A. W. Scott, the Broker to the Secretary of State for India in Council (Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Scott, & Co.), 57 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Bank of England, 12th June, 1903.

SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY.

SALE BY TENDER OF £70,000 THREE PER CENT. PERPETUAL DEBENTURE STOCK.

Minimum Price £90 per cent.

NOTICE is Hereby Given that it is the intention of the Directors of this Company to SELL by TENDER £70,000 THREE PER CENT. PERPETUAL DEBENTURE STOCK in accordance with the provisions of the South Metropolitan Gas Acts of 1882, 1896, and 1901.

Particulars of same, with Form of Tender, can be obtained at this Office, on application to the undersigned, and Tenders must be sent in, on or before Tuesday, the 3rd day of June instant.

The Stock will be allotted to the highest bidders, but no Tender will be accepted at a lower price than at the rate of £90 money for each £100 Debenture Stock.

By Order,

FRANK BUSH, Secretary.

Offices: 709 Old Kent Road, London, S.E.,

4th June, 1903.

ROBINSON GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED,
JOHANNESBURG, TRANSVAAL.

From the Directors' Monthly Report for April, 1903.

GOLD RECOVERED.

From	Total.	Bullion.		Total.	Fine Gold.	
		Ozs.	Per ton Milled.		Ozs.	Per ton Milled.
Mill	9,224'68	10'607	Dwts.	7,998'541	9'107	Dwts.
Tailings	4,441'18	4'876		3,551'484	4'084	
Own Concentrates	893'86	1'028		883'829	1'016	
Slimes	—	—		—	—	
Total from own Ore	14,359'52	16'511		12,433'854	14'207	
Purchased Concentrates	980'94	—		970'151	—	
	15,340'46			13,404'005		

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

125 Stamps Crushed 17,393 tons.

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.	Per ton Milled.
Mining Account (including Maintenance)	9,863	9	4	0 11 4'103
Milling Account (including Maintenance)	2,879	6	8	0 3 3'731
Vanning Account (including Maintenance)	249	9	7	0 0 3'443
Cyaniding and Chlorination Accounts (including Maintenance)	2,447	8	8	0 2 9'771
General Maintenance Account	43	15	9	0 0 0'604
General Charges	1,661	0	4	0 1 10'919
	17,144	10	4	0 19 8'571
Development Account	1,493	19	11	0 1 7'373
Machinery, Plant and Buildings	41	11	3	0 0 0'574
	18,590	1	6	0 1 4'518
Profit on Working	33,527	17	8	1 18 6'640
	£52,117	19	2	£2 19 11'158

REVENUE.

	£	s.	d.	Per ton Milled.
Gold Accounts—				
From Mill	33,561	17	4	1 13 4'349
„ Tailings	24,664	19	0	0 16 10'329
„ Own Concentrates	3,703	2	10	0 4 3'098
	51,727	19	2	2 19 5'776
Sundry Revenue—				
Rents, estimate of Interest on Cash on hand and				
Profits on Purchased Concentrates	390	0	0	0 0 5'382
	£52,117	19	2	£2 19 11'158

No provision has been made in the above Account for the payment of the 10 per cent. Profits Tax.

The value of the Gold produced is the value at £4'247777 per oz. Fine, less cost of realisation.

A. P. SCHMIDT, Secretary.

Head Office, Johannesburg, 8th May, 1903.

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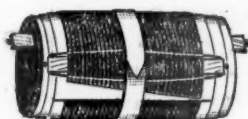
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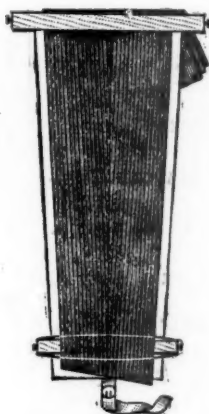
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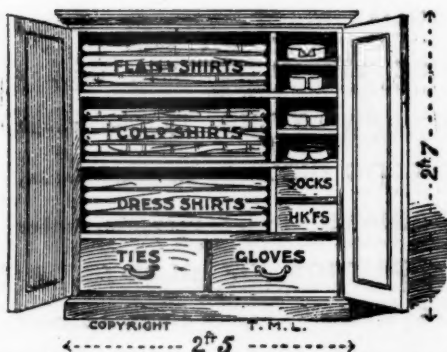
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